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MIDDLE EAST VERTIGO

THE report of General Riley, the mediator's chief of staff, may have been indiscreet, but at least it stated the facts about the situation in Palestine. In the course of three weeks the Jews have destroyed two of the five Arab armies which invaded the country on May 15th. The victory in the Negev was followed by equally sensational success in Galilee. A crack Anglo-Saxon brigade, recruited exclusively from Commonwealth and American citizens, annihilated the army of Fawzi, which was composed of Arab, German and Polish volunteers. The Jews, as General Riley stressed, are now militarily capable of driving the Iraqis, the Syrians and the Arab Legion across the Jordan. Arab violence in seeking to undo the Assembly's decision is being manifoldly repaid.

In this way a settlement is being reached by force of arms while the politicians in Paris manœuvre against each other. The British, who strenuously opposed sanctions against the Arab invasion of Palestine, are now equally strenuous in demanding them against the Jews in order to compel them to withdraw from the Negev. The Americans show an equal and opposite reaction; each partisan denounces the other's prejudice.

The plain fact is that, owing to the divisions between its members, the Security Council is incapable of imposing anything on Palestine—least of all a solution. The Bernadotte Plan, which could have been the basis for an agreed settlement if action had been taken quickly, is dead and buried. The only course now is to order, not an extension of the truce, but an armistice for the purpose of direct negotiations between the belligerents. Since Transjordan, the only Arab State with any military power left is a British dependency, this means in effect a settlement between Britain and Israel. But, unfortunately, in the last three weeks Anglo-Jewish tension has noticeably increased. Both sides have given plenty of provocation. The Jews have strengthened themselves militarily in defiance of the truce terms, and annulled the Bernadotte Plan by their actions in the Negev. Britain has shown her bias by taking the lead in the demand for sanctions. Moreover, the R.A.F. at Amman is being reinforced, and Jewish accusations that British arms are being shipped to Transjordan probably refer to supplies to our own forces there. If the Jews and the Legion were to start fighting, Britain might very soon be embroiled. There are fanatics both in London and among our officials in the Middle East who have learnt nothing by their failures in the last two years and would welcome such a development.

All that is needed is an ounce of statesmanship on both sides. The Jews need a firm understanding with us as much to-day as when we were the Mandatory Power. Neither American dollars nor Russian armaments can provide them with an effective substitute for an alliance with Britain based on a peace treaty with Transjordan. But we, too, need their friendship. It may well be that the Negev would provide us with a useful military base, and we do not wish to write off the five million pounds invested in the Gaza barracks. It may well be that the three oil gushers in its sandy wastes give promise of an extensive oilfield which we should prefer to be nominally under the control of Abdullah. These are genuine British interests. We sought to ensure them by frustrating the decision of the Assembly giving the Negev to the Jews. We lost because we backed the losing side. The Jews are dizzy with success, and we are dizzy with failure. If both sides could overcome their vertigo and look dispassionately to their interests, a settlement could be achieved without difficulty or delay.

A Success for the General

Last Sunday's elections for the French Second Chamber have resulted, it is clear, in a notable success for General de Gaulle. Until the Council meets and votes in the selection of a president, it is difficult to say precisely how many Gaullist adherents, overt and covert, it contains; but the R.P.F. appears to have won over a third of all the seats, and it is not certain whether the Government can any longer command a majority in the Council. It would be wrong, of course, to conclude that last Sunday's voting accurately reflects the state of opinion of the whole French electorate. The peculiar method of indirect voting adopted for the Council was designed expressly to exclude the Communists by facilitating the bargaining use of second preference votes (none of which would accrue to the Communists) and, by giving a disproportionate weight to the small, predominately conservative Communes in the countryside. The eclipse of the M.R.P., however, is significant: it looks as though the bulk of its supporters had transferred their allegiance either to the R.P.F. or the Socialists. As a result, the "Third Force" in the Council is now represented by a somewhat uneasy alliance between the Socialists and the Radicals, who scored considerable gains. On many economic questions the latter are likely to vote with the Gaullists and the parties of the Right. In that event, General de Gaulle may be able to use the Council to retard gravely the process of legislation; for, although the Assembly has the last word under the constitution, the Council can reject the Assembly's Bills and oblige the Assembly [illegible] re-vote them by an absolute majority, which the Government is at present by no means sure of commanding. Under these circumstances, General de Gaulle may be able to exercise increasing pressure on the Government to dissolve the Assembly and appeal to the electorate.

Civil Defence

Anxious, no doubt, to assure the public that preparations for defence against atomic attack are not being neglected, the Government have now produced a Civil Defence Bill. As a means of defence it does not appear that the provisions of the Bill will be greatly more efficacious than the brown paper recommended by Sir John Anderson. Hesitant to embark on the extensive and expensive building of new shelters, the Government point out, in the financial memorandum attached to the Bill, that estimates of the cost of Civil Defence in peace-time are not yet possible. Mainly the proposed scheme relies on the formation of corps of voluntary instructors. Like members of the Territorial Army, these volunteers will be liable to penalties if they fail to fulfil their obligations, making it the less likely that many volunteers will be forthcoming. It is envisaged that groups of local defence workers would be reinforced by civil and military mobile columns, but the instruments with which the effects of atomic bombs, V-2s or other directed missiles are to be mitigated, are not specified. The only other feature of significance is the statutory obligation laid on various classes of employers to train and equip their employees and provide shelters as required. The proposals are overlaid with an air of unreality, as though those responsible for them were themselves doubtful of their utility, but nevertheless felt obliged to publish them for the sake of the record.

Trade with Japan

Mixed feelings are likely to be aroused by the new agreement for the enlargement, on a bilateral basis, of trade between Japan and the sterling area. Japan is to-day, in effect, a member of the dollar bloc; and, in consequence, British concerns which had pre-war trading interests with Japan have had reason to complain of severe American competition. Indeed, this year United Kingdom exports to Japan have been negligible, and our imports from Japan have been barely 12 per cent. of what they were before the war. There is a case, therefore, for welcoming an agreement which provides in the coming twelve months for the movement of about £25 millions' worth of goods each way between the sterling area and Japan. On the other hand, it is to be noted that, under the agreement, the bulk of Japan's imports from the sterling area will consist of raw materials, while her exports will take the form of processed goods—mainly textiles destined for the Indian and African markets. Though, on a short view, Lancashire is at present fully occupied by an export drive in directions where hard currencies can be earned, Japanese competition, based on extremely low wages, may again become a formidable factor in Lancashire's markets *within* the sterling area. This side of the question will obviously have to be studied before there is any talk of prolonging or extending the present one-year trading agreement. The economic rehabilitation of Japan, as of Western Germany, is, of course, a major preoccupation of the United States; but the State Department cannot complain if British people look critically at the long-term results likely to accrue from this obverse side of the Marshall Plan medal.

Deadlock in Cyprus

The return of Lord Winster, the Governor of Cyprus, to this country on leave is a reminder of the awkward problems still unsettled in that complicated island. After lengthy deliberations, only a rump of the Consultative Assembly called to consider a new constitution was prepared to go ahead on the only basis the British felt able to accept. That basis would have given Cyprus a form of self-government something less than that obtained by the Indian Provinces before the war and something more than that prevailing in most Colonial territories. Lacking popular support, the Colonial Office did not dare go ahead with a general election to a new Legislative Assembly to give the scheme a try-out. Instead, it reverted to the *status quo*, adding the rider that the offer of a constitution was still open to any fully representative and responsible leaders. But, despite the fact that Cyprus has for centuries not governed herself, it seems unlikely that a constitution on the British lines will ever gain immediate support. The British refuse to discuss the departure of Cyprus from the Commonwealth, whilst both the Right and the Left insist on freedom to remove themselves. The Right demand union with Greece. The Left demand unfettered self-government plus union with Greece (though presumably not the Greece of M. Tsaldaris). In justification of their attitude, the British can reasonably say that this is not the time to be adding any territory to Greece as at present constituted. It is also significant that the Greek Government shows no marked anxiety to acquire another trouble spot. Nevertheless, although it is difficult to see how the British could proceed to full self-government at the moment without precipitating a civil war, the present form of absolute rule cannot be maintained indefinitely. Perhaps a way out may be found by a return to constitutional discussions in a few months' time, coupled with a determination to hold elections on *some* system even if the leaders of the respective parties are not prepared to commit themselves to public support in advance. Once a machinery of any sort is established it may be possible to advance another stage. Leaders who cannot now offer co-operation may yet change their minds.

The N.U.M. and Absenteeism

It looks as if the plan, agreed to by the N.U.M. Executive, for making the Union itself a party to disciplinary proceedings against absentees, will prove unworkable in face of the opposition of a number of the bigger districts. Yorkshire, as well as Scotland, has already rejected it; and rejection is said to be probable also in South Wales. We cannot regret this; for the effect of involving the Union in such disciplinary measures against its own members might well be to undermine its authority instead of strengthening it. The more the situation in the coal industry is considered, the more it appears that endowing the miners with a share in "control" (and with its corollary, a share in responsibility) must be a matter of developing appropriate machinery within the industry itself, rather than of using the Trade Unions for this purpose, at the cost of destroying their independence as guardians of their members' interests and as advisers, on this basis, on questions of national policy. Last week's T.U.C. document, recognising the responsibility of the Trade Unions for co-operating with the Government in solving the problems of maldistribution of scarce man-power, is consistent with Trade Union independence, because it simply advises the Unions how to behave—*i.e.*, in effect, not to obstruct—and does not propose to involve them in the task of ordering their members about from job to job. In the coal mines, absenteeism, especially on Saturdays, is admittedly a serious problem, and the N.U.M. should do its best to help the Coal Board to solve it. But it does not follow that the right way to do this is for the N.U.M. to become the Board's agent in applying coercive measures which the Board itself has not the courage to apply.

Machines and Men

The dispute at Butler's Wharf, Bermondsey, where first the stevedores and then the dockers have gone on strike against the use of a new stacking machine which is designed to affect a considerable amount of labour, raises a serious issue—and one likely to assume much importance in many industries during the next few years. The point at issue is, of course, as old as the introduction of labour-saving machinery into any trade: the threat of sudden displacement of precious manual skill frightens men who fear as a consequence either unemployment or a degradation into the class of unskilled labour; and the reaction that sets them fighting back blindly for their status and their means of living is too natural to be blamed. Nevertheless, labour-saving machinery must be introduced more and more—above all, now that this country, instead of having the traditional "reserve of labour," is acutely short of man-power and certain to remain so for a long time to come. The question must therefore be one of finding means of dealing fairly by the men displaced, and not of allowing them either to prevent the new machine from being used, or of insisting that it shall be so ornamental as to cancel its value. But the men affected will not be easily persuaded to see the matter in this light until they can be made really to believe that full employment has come to stay, and that nothing will be allowed to deflect any future Government from pursuing it. They can hardly be blamed for not believing this, while there is a possibility of the national economic policy being sharply reversed by a change of Government. This is another way of saying that capitalists cannot run industry without the threat of unemployment to keep discipline; and it is a reason, not for giving way to the dockers, but for recognising generously the psychological attitude which is prompting their resistance.

PARLIAMENT: Human Affairs

Nothing ever happens on Fridays. Or at least, from a Parliamentary point of view, nothing much. For the sake of Members who take the train to far-off constituencies, Friday is usually spent in agreed legislation like the Judges Pensions (India and Burma) Bill, and the Colonial Stock Bill. But, on the adjournment, there are sometimes surprises; and in the darkening, almost empty House four men may speak, as they did last Friday, and help to save eight men in a far-off country.

Earlier on, Benn Levy had asked a question about the condemned Greek Trade Unionists. The Foreign Secretary, just back from Paris, disclaimed any responsibility in the matter. When Levy persisted, Mr. Speaker ruled that "the trial in another country of nationals of that country has nothing to do with us." As a question, it was out of order, but it could be mentioned in debate.

Just after four o'clock on Friday, Solley raised the matter on the adjournment. Perhaps nine Members were present—the depressed-looking Whips on both sides, nailed to their seats by duty and dreaming of the week-end, those who wanted to speak, and one or two others. No Minister was there to reply, and it seemed that the speeches—even Zilliacus' grave protest—would have no other effect than to fatten Hansard. But together with the telegrams sent by Hale, Seymour Cocks and other Members, Friday's debate brought the prisoners reprieve, since the political executioner can only do his work when the world's conscience is asleep.

Humanitarian causes have always found champions in the House of Commons. Yet there is a special kind of humanitarianism which loses in value because of its political selectivity. Is it the part of a humanitarian to denounce the gaolers of Ambatielos but to approve the killing of Petkov? Or to condemn the killing of Petkov but to spurn Ambatielos? None of the professing humanitarians in the House can claim a clean sheet, unless he is willing to succour even those whose political views offend him.

Had Baker White's adjournment motion on the conditions of the Arab refugees been more widely advertised beforehand, he would have had a bigger House to hear his factual description of their distress. Few Members, whatever their view of the war which brought the Arab refugees to their present misery, would not want to bring them relief. Tufton Beamish said the Jews were to blame for aggression; Paget said that the Arabs were to blame—but "David had smashed Goliath." The House welcomed the measures of help, promised by Mayhew on behalf of the Foreign Office, with the same sympathy for the Arabs driven into the desert as it would have offered the Jews, had they been driven into the sea.

In the Lords on Tuesday, Lord Vansittart asked about the recent Congress of Intellectuals at Wroclaw. Had it set up a committee to carry on its propaganda in this country? What action would be taken to prevent or counteract this propaganda by a branch of the Cominform? The peers anxiously cupped their hands over their ears as Lord Henderson rose to reply. It was all right, he assured them. The Intellectuals hadn't yet begun. There was some talk of another meeting in Paris. That hadn't begun either. If they did begin, they'd be watched. "Remember the Link," warned Vansittart. Some of the peers who remembered it only too well, shuffled their feet. Then, an elderly Peer suggested that the Foreign Office might ask the Dean of Canterbury for further information. Everybody laughed. And another proposed that some mental tests should be applied to the Intellectuals. Everybody laughed.

In this happy atmosphere, their Lordships relaxed, secure in the knowledge that they could sleep safely at nights.

Maurice Edelman

THE ATLANTIC BLOCK

The division of the world into Communist and non-Communist areas is a fact in 1948, as the division of Europe into Catholic and Protestant spheres was a recognised fact to the end of the Wars of Religion in 1648. Internal struggles will continue; there is a majority of non-Communists in Eastern Europe, many of them bitterly resentful of the dominance of Moscow, and there are a large number of Communists in the Western sphere. There is also a sharp division in the non-Communist world between supporters of the American way of life and those who believe that the contradictions of capitalism can only be solved as Socialism takes its place. But the broad division of the world is unhappily a fact, and the Atlantic Defence Pact is an inevitable result of the cleavage. The Pact is not yet complete. This week the Permanent Commission of the Brussels Powers is meeting; one of the undecided problems is what European countries will decide to join the group. Italy and some at least of the Scandinavian Powers may well prefer neutrality. When the scheme of Western European defence is completed, it will be considered in Washington with representatives of the United States and Canada. The military defence of the non-Communist world may, at a guess, be integrated reality some time next summer.

Side by side with these defence measures, political and economic decisions are also being made. Political union in Europe is to be considered by a committee of five British representatives, five French (including Herriot, Blum and Reynaud), three Belgian and three Dutch. There will be no sense in trying to make a political unit of the sixteen Marshall Plan nations. It would be as absurd to include Greece and Turkey as Franco's Spain. Simultaneously, in Paris the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation is preparing its plans. Most of the national four-year proposals have now been lodged; and, by an elaborate procedure which permits experts from each country to examine the estimates of the others, it is hoped that a co-ordinated plan for the recovery of Western Europe will be ready by the end of the year. Thus, when Congress meets in February, it should have before it a complete picture of the steps by which the European Atlantic seaboard hopes to become economically independent by 1952.

This may be an optimistic forecast; the difficulties of overcoming national sovereignty on the one side and of integrating the economies of States like Britain, which have accepted Socialist planning, with those that still believe in unfettered private enterprise, are obviously immense. The Kremlin is sure that they are insoluble; and so they certainly would have been if Soviet policy had not created that fear which, historically speaking, has often been more effective than faith in moving mountains. Mr. Truman, no longer the despised heir to Roosevelt but President in his own right, finds himself at the head of this projected hemispheric alliance. That he desires peace is clear; that he resents the scarcely covert efforts that have been made by the State Department to undermine his policy may be assumed. The retirement of Mr. Marshall, Mr. Lovett and Mr. Forrestal is probable. The name of Chief Justice Vinson is commonly mentioned as the likely successor to Mr. Marshall, and it was he whom the President chose as his personal representative when he recently proposed unilateral conversations with Stalin. Naturally, people are now again speculating whether Mr. Truman will renew his attempt. It is, we judge, unlikely that the President will now renew the exact procedure which so outraged the British and French, as well as the American State Department. With power in his hands the President will not wish to do anything that seems to cut across the programme of Western co-operation. This, however, does not mean that the President is unable to make any further approach to Moscow until next summer when the military and economic sides of Western Union and the Atlantic block can speak with concerted authority.

If rumour speaks truly—and it sometimes does when it emanates from a Government Department—Mr. Truman intended to put to Stalin some very blunt questions which need not wait until the completion of Western Union. One question was about the atom bomb. Perhaps Mr. Truman, like Vyshinsky, has read Professor Blackett's *Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy;* he may have heard that some commentators have denounced the book as pro-Soviet, but have not, in any point, refuted the author's arguments that the Baruch proposals were necessarily unacceptable to the Soviet Union. Mr. Truman may have reached the conclusion that the deadlock in the control of atomic energy, like the German deadlock, cannot be broken except by negotiations which cover the whole field of East-West relations. Mr. Truman may have had in mind to ask Stalin whether, in his view, the "inevitable collisions" which Lenin prophesied need mean war; whether the nature of atomic war does not involve a reconsideration of Marxist tactics.

There would be no harm in at once putting such a question to Stalin and testing the sincerity of his reply by proposals for settlement in areas of immediate danger, like Greece. In the case of Greece, the United Nations have taken up a valuable proposal, made by Australia, to persuade the belligerents to come together and talk under Uno auspices. If the Balkan Powers and General Markos have instructions from Moscow that a settlement in Greece is desirable, and the Greek Populists are clearly told by America and Britain that we are not prepared to continue to support them in a sterile vendetta against the Partisans, there seems no insuperable obstacle to a truce which might make peace and reconstruction possible in Greece. It is a good omen that Uno has persuaded the Greek Government not to shoot twelve trade unionists, accused, on dubious evidence, of abetting insurrection. If Britain and America can initiate discussions leading to settlement in areas where there is actual fighting, or where the friction is of a dangerous character, then the way will be prepared for a general agreement, even if it is only an agreement to differ. It may be impossible at once to reach such an overall settlement. Its achievement, however, will be the justification in the eyes of the world of the efforts that are now being made to create a union in the West parallel with the Soviet block in the East.

YET TRUMAN WON

Harry Truman has become the wonder man of American politics. He is looked upon with a feeling little short of awe. His election was a patent impossibility. There wasn't a poll, there wasn't a newspaper, there wasn't a reporter who gave Mr. Truman a remote chance. He had lost the Wallace wing on the Left, and the Dixiecrat wing on the Right. I travelled twice across America with the two candidates; and, if there was a single responsible newspaper which declared in print that Truman could win, I missed it. Yet, on election eve, Mr. Truman himself went to bed early, explaining that he was going to win. And he was right.

As this is written, monthly magazines are still being torn apart by hysterical editors to kill articles postulated on a certain Dewey victory. Before the election, *Life* carried a picture of Governor Dewey described as "the next President"; *Time* deplored the interregnum made necessary by impending Truman defeat; and columnist Drew Pearson greeted readers the day after the election with a discussion of the Dewey Cabinet. But the most exquisite suffering was reserved for those wide-awake editors who stole a march on history in the interest of their mail editions. Thus *Kiplinger's Magazine* mailed out a special edition entitled "What Dewey Will Do" and put it, just before the polls closed, in the post office, where the copies lay, irrecoverably, like so many paper-bound time-bombs, while the tortured editors gaped at the incredible returns.

Perhaps the highlight of the affair was the pit which the anti-Truman, anti-British, antediluvian *Chicago-Tribune* of Col. Bertie MacCormick dug for itself. It sent out successive pre-dated early mail editions, before the count had seriously started, with the banner headline "Dewey Defeats Truman" and a signed lead story by the chief of its Washington bureau beginning: "Dewey and Warren won the presidential election yesterday by a large majority of electoral votes." The *Tribune* sent out burly circulation men later on to recapture what copies they could, but the delighted populace declined to give them up. I saw one airmailed copy stuck like a scalp to the wall of a Washington building by a newsvendor who declined to sell it at any price. "I'm going to nail it up at home," he explained, and "whenever I feel low I'll look at it—and laugh."

The first radio returns came from industrial areas, which were Truman territory, anyway; commentators blandly explained them away. This was the more plausible because in most instances the Democratic majority was below four or eight years ago. "Now it is our part of the evening," said Republicans after midnight, lolling back in comfort and lighting new cigars. And this was where the astonishment began. The farm and rural areas, which never before voted Democratic in times of prosperity, began to teeter and show wavering majorities for Truman. Finally, as the statistics flooded in, and began to form themselves into a Truman pattern, there came the wonderful feeling that the American public was something too big for polls to predict, that it was swinging to the Left, and that it had picked the rather unlikely figure of Truman as a symbol of its hostility to smug reaction. All these impersonal verdicts from nameless voters in obscure communities across the continent seemed to be speaking at once. The voice seemed to be saying: "We are not conservatives as you thought, but liberals. We are aware of what is going on in the world and are sick of the 80th Congress. We do not like this smooth, slick Dewey who talks platitudes; give us Truman, even though he is a little man, because he is honest and blurts out what he thinks and we can understand him even if he does make mistakes. The New Deal is not dead, as you thought; it is alive, and so is the great dream of Roosevelt. We have tried reaction for two years and are sick of its sour taste. Let us throw it out."

One of the chief reasons for the great upset seems to have been the knowledge that it couldn't happen. Messrs. Gallup-Roper-Crossley had proved it couldn't, and we all believed them. That lulled many Republicans into false security, while irate trade unionists scoured the cities in a great effort to defeat sponsors of the Taft-Hartley Act. It was the greatest Labour effort in U.S. history. The Democrats never before had the spur of such energetic Labour support, and the results in certain industrial areas were extraordinary. But another surprise was the farm vote for Truman in the traditionally isolationist Mid-West. This was responsible for carrying Ohio, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois, with their decisive total of 75 electoral votes, all of which had been assigned by the polls to Governor Dewey. If there is one political tradition stronger than another in America it is that conservative farmers vote Republican when times are good. But this year they didn't. Truman, as the exponent of the Roosevelt heritage, told of the benefits the New Deal had brought to farmers. He denounced the 80th Congress for slashing soil conservation and rural electrification funds, for its threat to tax farm cooperatives out of existence. He won the farm States on this plea.

A typical example of what Labour did was in Republican Pennsylvania. Truman lost the State by a slight margin, but he carried Philadelphia and the Pittsburgh industrial area, where there are coal mines and steel mills. The result of this was the addition of 11 Democratic seats in the House from this one State alone. Due largely to Labour efforts, 78 per cent. of the registered electorate voted in Pennsylvania, Dewey getting 1,901,160, Truman 1,751,186, and Wallace 54,603. In fact, only one voter in 46 throughout the country voted for Henry Wallace. It is hard to see how the Progressive Party can continue after this poor showing. Wallace got his biggest vote in New York, with 508,000—enough to swing the State into the Dewey column, Dewey getting 2,838,000 votes and Truman 2,795,000. If Mr. Truman had lost the election by the margin of the Wallace votes, the new Progressive Party would then, in effect, have exercised a veto power in American politics. But Truman won despite the Wallace supporters. Their numbers turned out to be much smaller than expected, probably because of the widespread belief that Communists had infiltrated the organisation. The Wallace Party, however, may have had some effect in forcing Truman to a more Leftist programme than he would have otherwise offered.

The Dixiecrats under Thurmond managed to carry four States in the deep south, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, with 38 electoral votes between them. But Mr. Truman won in the nation with a margin sufficiently ample to exclude them as a balance of power. Here again their poor showing and the prospect of punishment by the successful party make their continuance doubtful. They did not throw any Southern State into Republican hands, as was expected.

The election left isolationist corpses all over the field. About a third of the Republicans who voted against the Marshall Plan last spring were defeated, including five Senators. In nearly all cases strong internationalists supplanted them. Carried away in the tide was Republican Senator Brooks of Illinois, favourite isolationist of the *Chicago Tribune*. The mood of the voters was seen, too, in the defeat of Rep. Harold Knutson, a troglodyte Republican from Minnesota. He has served continuously for 30 years and is chairman of the all-powerful Ways and Means Committee which holds the legislative purse strings. Seeing the handwriting on the wall, potent Mr. Knutson confessed to constituents just before the election that he repented his vote against the Marshall plan. He was defeated none the less.

Organised Labour concentrated its fight in industrial areas largely against advocates of the Taft-Hartley Act. Some contests still hang in doubt, but of about 54 House members ousted from their seats, 51 had voted for the Act. The result is that America has elected a man pledged to the most radical programme in U.S. history, and has given him a majority in both Houses of Congress. By British Socialist standards, the Truman pledges to support Federal aid, collective action and social security extension seem mild enough; but it must be remembered that U.S. traditionally follows twenty years or so behind England in these matters. The threat of an excess profits tax on corporations and similar possibilities have frightened Wall Street.

Yet the old coalition of conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats may very well confront Mr. Truman again if he tries anything bold; and even with his amazing victory Mr. Truman is no Roosevelt. In many States he ran well behind other progressive members of his own party, which shows at least that the public was widely sympathetic to the liberal cause. Though Mr. Truman performed a miracle in getting elected at all, the plurality by which he scraped through is the smallest in a third of a century. What he has principally done is to tip the national balance back to the liberal side. Many of us hoped and believed that such a trend had already begun and that the peak of the 1946 reaction had already passed, even though Mr. Truman should be defeated. Mr. Truman has speeded the process up. Over and above all appears the great intangible of the political influence of the Roosevelt era on the thinking of America. It can no longer be doubted that it is alive.

RICHARD STROUT

Washington, November 7.

STREPTOMYCIN

THE upturned earth has a pungent odour. It is fertile breath of the kitchen garden. It is the scent of the sexton's sod in the graveyard. That life-and-death smell is streptomycin. Or, at least, it is the scent distilled in the soil by the ray-fungus, *streptomyces griseus,* from which streptomycin, the "headline" drug, is obtained.

Streptomycin was first isolated by Dr. S. A. Waksman of Rutgers University, U.S.A., and his collaborators, in 1944. It was immediately recognised as a discovery of major importance because it appeared, from laboratory tests, to destroy germs which had proved intractable to penicillin. Conspicuously, it destroyed—in test-tubes—the tubercle bacillus. Newspapers, magazines and "Digests" spread the sensational tidings: tuberculosis was mastered at last! Scientists and doctors, including Waksman and his medical associates, vainly appealed for caution. It was true that streptomycin literally "liquidated" the tubercle bacillus in test-tubes, and checked active tuberculosis in mice, but that was vastly different from saying that it could be equally effective in curing human victims.

The germ of tuberculosis is a treacherous beast. It had successfully resisted the sulpha drugs, and penicillin, because of its peculiar characteristics. It is encased in a fatty, or lipoid, armour-plating—a kind of microscopic tortoiseshell—which protects it from ordinary germ-killers. It is also believed by many authorities that, even when the germ itself is killed, the fatty-casing itself is poisonous and sets up tubercular lesions; so that even in death it is deadly. To be effective, therefore, any drug might have not only to kill the germ but neutralise its poisons. Again, the behaviour, and cycle, of the disease are quite different in mice from what they are in humans. Moreover, streptomycin proved extremely difficult to produce in substantial quantities and, like penicillin, required laborious laboratory and pilot-plant stages.

All these considerations were completely ignored by the sensationalists. So, too, were the first warning reports from the Mayo Clinic, where careful clinical tests showed that streptomycin, wrongly handled or wantonly used, was a drug as dangerous as it was potentially beneficial in a limited range of tuberculous conditions. While responsible Clinical Trials Committees were set up in America, in Britain and in France, the irresponsible press "rooted" for the new drug and clamoured for its general use. They raised the hopes of millions of T.B. sufferers all over the world, and made them feel that they only had to go round to the nearest drug-store or chemist shop and they would be cured. Parents were told that at last there was a complete cure for tuberculous meningitis. In this country, with uncanny consistency, 1,800 patients a year die of tuberculous meningitis. The bacillus attacks the brain, mainly in young children, and in the past, every victim would be dead within a month. The diagnosis was a death-sentence. Now there was a reprieve. Desperate parents clamoured for the drug.

The B.B.C., with no more responsibility than the irresponsible newspapers, began to broadcast appeals for supplies of the drug to be rushed to such-and-such a hospital. Remonstrances from the Ministry of Health, from the Medical Research Council and from the B.M.A. were ignored. The B.B.C. took its stand on its right to accept the opinion of, and to assist, the individual doctor. The fact that that doctor, while humanely anxious to do something for a dying child, probably knew no more about the drug than he had read in the headlines was not considered relevant. He was a "qualified practitioner."

Decent instincts were moved by these appeals, and we had the newspaper and broadcast accounts of supplies being flown across the Atlantic or rushed by fast car through the darkness of the night. What we were not told was that such appeals would yield at the best perhaps ten grammes of this scarce drug—enough perhaps for five days, when effective treatment would involve six months or more. So the patient died anyway.

Then the Ministry of Health issued a stern warning about the inadequate knowledge of the drug and its potential dangers. The Medical Research Council took charge of bulk supplies which still had to be obtained from America while the British drug-firms (with regrettable slowness) were getting into production. It meant dollars, but that was not the limiting factor (the Government spent over 750,000 dollars in obtaining U.S. supplies). What was needed was a careful study of how the drug could, and should be used; and for that purpose, centres for the treatment of children with tuberculous meningitis were established throughout the country. At these hospitals the treatment was carried out under stringent medical and scientific supervision. It meant hour-by-hour examinations by the doctors and pathologists, and 24-hour-a-day nursing by specially trained nurses. The experts were sent to America and to the Continent to compare notes.

Even then the results could be heartbreaking. The son of a friend of mine came home one afternoon from his walk. He was tired and unusually sleepy. He slept, but woke up drowsy, listless and refusing food. Within a few days the doctor delivered the ominous verdict—tuberculous meningitis. This doctor did the right thing: he got in touch with the proper centre and had the child admitted. Then began the dreadful vigil for the parents. Day by day, night by night, they waited and watched. Now the child was improving; now he had lapsed. Now his eyes were wobbling—a sinister warning that the disease might be affecting the brain; now they were bright and the boy was alert. Now the germ-count from the spinal fluid was down; now it was up. At the end of four months, I was allowed to see him—a curly-headed youngster of three. He was hopping about in his cot; he was reciting nursery rhymes and identifying pictures and talking about playmates he had not seen for months. These were all healthy signs of an intact brain and a good recovery. A few weeks later he was dead.

At that time I went to France, visited the clinics and talked to the doctors and scientists who were carrying out similar, carefully controlled tests. In the majority of cases, the story was the same—desperation, hope and, then, heartbreak. Streptomycin was treacherous and deceitful. If given in too big doses it would produce poisonous symptoms and the patient could not tolerate it. Or, given in small doses, it would breed resistant germs—the "survival of the fittest." So the life-saving dose was a precarious balance between all those factors and depending upon reactions in each individual case. This meant the closest co-operation of tuberculosis and other specialists, and specially trained nurses, treating every case as a delicate experiment.

As a result of the elaborately controlled tests in the six chosen hospitals in this country, the Medical Research Council was able to report that about one-third of the tuberculous meningitis cases treated had survived and had a reasonable chance of recovery. No one would be foolhardy enough to say they were "cured." In T.B. it takes at least five years to confirm a cure. Simultaneously, clinical trials were undertaken—again under the aegis of the M.R.C.—of streptomycin in cases of lung tuberculosis. The cases were chosen as having a particular and similar condition. Fifty-five were treated with streptomycin plus normal treatment, and a "control" group of fifty-two were treated in the ordinary way. The streptomycin cases received two grammes of the drug a day for a minimum of four months—at least 240 grammes per case. At the end of six months, four of the streptomycin cases and fourteen of the "controls" had died, but 28 of the streptomycin cases and only four of the "controls" had shown "considerable improvement." This is decidedly encouraging. At least, the drug can assist the conventional treatment in certain forms of consumption.

But again the risks were underlined. Although the treatment in no case had to be abandoned because of toxic effects, in some damage was done to the sense of balance, enough to prevent car-driving or steady walking; and the streptomycin-resistant germs were in evidence to qualify any suggestion of "complete cure."

When the National Health Service started and the hospitals came under Ministry of Health control, Mr. Aneurin Bevan called upon regional authorities to provide hospital accommodation and adequately trained and expert staffs for streptomycin treatment for those types of T.B. for which it was already proven. Twenty-six centres were immediately established and others are being set up. Furthermore a Government Centre (Kensington 3471) in London makes available, to any doctor at any hospital, supplies of the drug for treatment of cases of these types, if the nature of the case justifies it, and if beds are not available in an established centre. British drug-companies are now beginning to produce the drug in increasing quantities.

A week after the National Health Service started, one newspaper carried headlines about children being doomed to die because of official obstruction. This was followed up by a sensational account of supplies being given by a big-hearted American and flown in an American "flying car" to the hospital, where the journalist arrived clutching the life-saving drug. The same newspaper had previously printed accounts of the painstaking trials, and the risks they were designed to remove, as well as the extreme difficulties of treatment even in expert hands. This and other stories aroused false hopes in hundreds of thousands of sufferers, only a tiny fraction of whom can be helped by streptomycin, in the present state of our knowledge of it.

The story of streptomycin, with all its potential benefits, is an object lesson to everyone of the care with which any claims of cures should be approached. It is also a commentary on journalistic morality in rousing false or premature hopes.

RITCHIE CALDER

A LONDON DIARY

ARE public opinion polls any good? The natural reaction from their fiasco in the Presidential election is to consign them to the waste-paper basket. But a little reflection shows that people are here confusing two entirely different sorts of poll. The "survey" for commercial purposes, for instance, is obviously useful. Market research tells the manufacturer about how many people will buy a new line of gas-stoves or vacuum cleaners if the price is below a certain figure. A Socialist society will obviously have to develop this technique even further than American capitalism has already done. Its production programme must depend less on the price mechanism and more on such market research. But this has very little to do with polls of political opinion. A housewife who wants a gas-stove of a certain size at a particular price is unlikely suddenly to change her mind. The public opinion survey is attempting a far more delicate task. It adds up opinions where there are no opinions. No technique exists for measuring opinion. People must say whether they are "for" or "against" this or that candidate when, in fact, their minds are, perhaps, only 60 per cent. made up. How can you measure half or two-thirds of a mind? Further, the result of the poll itself may have the effect of destroying its own validity. If people are told that the tide is flowing in one direction they may decide that it is not worth worrying to vote, or, if they are that kind of cuss, decide on principle to vote against the tide. In short, the balance of many minds may be changed at the last minute by factors of which headlines about results of the poll are only one. Public opinion cannot be measured because it is not opinion. It is a complex of fluctuating prejudices, emotions and snap judgments. At most, the public opinion survey may, from time to time, give the politician a notion of what are called "trends." He relies on them at his peril.

* * *

A friend who was in the House of Commons last Thursday night, when the Truman victory was beyond doubt, tells me that Mr. Churchill was in a mood of the blackest gloom, but that Mr. Bracken and Mr. Macmillan were positively jovial. The reason for this difference of reaction is pretty clear. For over a year there has been a growing conflict between Mr. Churchill and the leading members of the shadow Cabinet about Conservative policy. Mr. Churchill is still determined to spend Lord Woolton's million on a campaign to "set the people free" from controls. Labour leaders, unmasked as Communists in Fabian clothing, are to be represented as disrupters of the Empire, and busily engaged in erecting a Totalitarian State complete with Gestapo. In short, if the leader of the Opposition gets his way, the 1950 election is to be fought by the Conservative Party with the same arguments that Mr. Churchill used in 1945, and that Mr. Ivor Thomas revived a few days ago. On the disruption of the Empire, particularly in India and Burma, Mr. Churchill has always been at loggerheads with R. A. Butler and Anthony Eden as well as most of his back-benchers who have any knowledge of the East. But on the question of controls and nationalisation the party at first rallied enthusiastically to Mr. Churchill's outright attack. As late as last summer, for instance, Mr. Bracken was leading a heroic all-night resistance to the totalitarian ownership of gas! But since then, to judge by his speech in the debate on the address, Mr. Bracken, along with Oliver Lyttelton, has had second thoughts, and both of them have now swung over to the middle way philosophy of Macmillan and Butler. Macmillan's speech in the same debate was extremely interesting. Instead of attacking nationalisation, he stated four tests to which any proposal should be submitted. Will they improve relations of workers and management? Will they improve production? Are they necessary because the industry is a monopoly? Are they necessary to obtain the finance? These are tests that any Socialist can accept as the basis for debate on the nationalisation of steel. But if the Tory Party accepts them too, it will have to throw overboard the blank opposition to Socialism which is the central theme of Mr. Churchill's exposition of Conservatism.

* * *

It is in this context that Conservative reactions to the Truman victory must be assessed. It provided Mr. Macmillan with a complete justification for his criticisms of Mr. Churchill's line; and I notice that he has been claiming over the week-end that the New Deal, with which Mr. Truman won the election, is just what British Conservatism is offering over here. Does this mean that Mr. Churchill is defeated in the shadow cabinet and will soon retire? I hardly think so. With memories of Mr. Gladstone's premiership at the age of eighty-four, he will hold fast, hoping for something to turn up. Moreover, he has two powerful arguments on his side. In the first place, the men of the Tory machine throughout the country agree with him and not with the advanced views of Mr. Macmillan. They will argue that if British Conservatives pretend to be Macmillan "progressives" they will condemn themselves to at least another five years in the wilderness. Mr. Macmillan's policy is at best a very long-term plan. The trouble is that parties are never as patient and far-sighted as that; they always hope to regain power, after the next election. And for that purpose the party managers are likely to brush aside the lesson of 1945 and the defeat of Mr. Dewey and argue that Tories' policy must oppose Socialism root and branch. After all, Mr. Dewey *might* have won last week.

* * *

One minor result of the Wroclaw Conference has been to include this journal and its editor in the Soviet Book of Beasts. Something it seems had to be done to counteract the subversive effect of the article on "Hyenas and Other Reptiles" which appeared here after the Conference. I am told by friends in Poland that it made Polish Communists laugh at themselves; some of them may even have begun to ask whether the Wroclaw way of doing things was really the best. That, of course, would never do. So there was first a scurrilous attack in a Czech newspaper, and then a Moscow broadcast by Professor Zvavich, whom I once knew well at the London School of Economics. An able student of economic history, who worked with Professor Eileen Power, he returned to the Soviet Union in 1931. It is only charitable to think that he had to make this broadcast to demonstrate his divorce from all Western ties. In denouncing us he made, of course, no attempt to explain the attitude of this journal towards the Soviet Union, though he must have known that we have always believed co-operation with Russia to be a most desirable but a very difficult objective, regarding it as our role both to explain Soviet policy and to subject it to outspoken criticism. When we explain the Soviet case to the prejudiced here, we are denounced as pro-Communists. When we have criticised it—as we have regularly done—we become some sort of Fascist beast. The view that Professor Zvavich was putting himself right in the Soviet Union rather than trying to affect opinion is borne out by the pretence, which will surprise English readers, that this journal did not really oppose the Baldwin-Chamberlain policy, or oppose the Nazis, or strive for the Soviet Alliance before the war. No, we did none of these things, but we did commit the crime of publishing stories by Zoshchenko! These stories were translated for us by that most correct of Communists, Ivor Montagu; he believed, as we did, that we were doing the Soviet Union a good turn by showing that, despite views to the contrary, humorous and independent writers were still permitted to write critically of defects in the Soviet Union. Zoshchenko has since been denounced as a denigrator of the U.S.S.R., and now only publishes blamelessly eulogistic articles. And so, by one of those bewildering turns of Soviet logic, we have now retrospectively shown our hostility to Russia by our past publication of one of the most popular of Soviet authors.

* * *

Those who attended Dr. Furtwängler's crowded concerts may have noticed the contrast between the enthusiasm of his audiences and the coldness of the press. Part of the explanation may be the impression prevalent in Fleet Street that Furtwängler was a Nazi. Nothing could be more unjust. H. N. Brailsford sends me a note of the facts proved before the De-nazification Tribunal which acquitted him. Never a party member, the charge against him was that in 1933, when few realised what Nazi rule would mean, he accepted the Vice-presidency of the Chamber of Music. The title of Staatsrat was then conferred on him. After some experience of the régime, Furtwängler in 1934 wrote a formal letter of protest and resigned his title, his Vice-presidency, his official post as Director of the State Opera, and his conductorship of the Berlin Philharmonic. He was then treated as an outlaw and deprived of his passport, lest he should go abroad. Goebbels now began purging the orchestra and interfering with its repertoire. Fearing its ruin, the orchestra besought Furtwängler to return. So he met Goebbels and consented to come back on conditions; he should rank as a private musician only, should never be called on to conduct at official functions, would not "Heil Hitler" at his concerts, nor would the personnel of the orchestra be further interfered with. Up to the end he used his influence to get Jewish musicians out of the camps and out of the country, though Himmler twice threatened, in letters produced in court, to treat any further efforts on their behalf as treason. Many Jews testified before the Tribunal that he saved their lives. Only five per cent. of his Berlin orchestra were Nazi party members. In other German and Austrian orchestras the percentage ranged from 70 to 100. Such was his influence and his record.

* * *

If you want to keep a revolver in the house for receiving burglars, and the police won't let you have a firearm certificate, you can appeal to the Magistrates at Quarter Sessions. To judge from the trend of recent cases, they will hear you more sympathetically than they did before the war—they have been allowing appeals in the case of people living in isolated country houses, usually on the grounds that the appellant is a well-known local man of proved responsibility and that the police force is too short of men to give adequate protection. A chief constable is forbidden by law to grant a firearm certificate to anyone who has had more than three months' imprisonment for a crime within the last five years, or is "of intemperate habits or unsound mind," or notoriously unfitted to have firearms because of carelessness or ill-temper. But he can also refuse a certificate if he does not think the applicant has a "good reason" for wanting it. What is a "good reason"? Not mere household protection, according to the Home Office view—firearms are not a suitable means of protection and may be a source of danger. This doesn't mean danger to the burglar—although a householder is not entitled to shoot his burglars: it means danger to the law-abiding, and recognises that a firearm is a highly "larcenable" thing to leave about the house while you are out. It seems to me that, if we are wise in withholding firearms from our policemen (and I think we are), we should be even wiser to withhold them from the householder who betrays his nervousness by wanting one.

CRITIC

NO WARMING-PAN

The Home Secretary will not be summoned personally to Buckingham Palace, the attendance of a Minister of the Crown at a royal birth is not a statutory requirement.—Official Statement.

The royal birth, it is now decreed,
Will bring no summons for Mr. Ede,
The Palace ends, with the royal ban,
The age-old scare of the warming-pan.

Once royal bedchamber personnel
(So Buckingham Palace midwives tell)
Admitted a Jacobite partisan
With a smuggled babe in a warming-pan.

Since then, at the birth of a royal heir,
A Minister's in attendance there,
(The custom dating from good Queen Anne)
To keep an eye on the warming-pan.

But the legend was baseless, as all could see,
With every succeeding dynasty—
Few English Kings, since the line began,
Have closely resembled a warming-pan.

This usage, based on no published Act,
Imposes a strain on mutual tact,
For the Minister's baggage the Household scan,
In case he arrives with a warming-pan.

And since hot bottles came into use,
This archaism lacks all excuse,
For knavish tricks of the Stuart clan
Could only come off with a warming-pan.

So, while he's barred from the royal birth,
There's no reflection on Chuter's worth,
For nothing is more unlikely than
Ede's being mixed up with a warming-pan.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

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Not every peeress had a seat on the floor of the Chamber for there was a ballot for places. Some who were unlucky shared galleries with Cabinet Ministers' wives.—*Star*. (T. Rang.)

It was far from a brilliant game. The players spent too much time arguing with the referee and at one point about eight men were engaged in a free fight.—Report in *News Chronicle*. (H. D. Johnstone.)

Our daughter is seventeen and works in an office. But every Sunday I make her wear her short gymnasium tunic and school blouse. I am sure this stops her getting "ideas."—Letter in *People*. (S. Hutchinson.)

Mr. A. Berry, defending, said that James was rational in everything except his belief that the world "was drifting to perdition."—*News Chronicle*. (F. J. Downer.)

Vice-Admiral Sir John Edgell was speaking last night at the annual dinner of Croydon branch of the Royal Naval Old Comrades' Association when he turned over his notes and stopped.

Then he said: "I'm afraid I shall have to end my speech here. By mistake I have brought the shopping-list my wife gave me this morning."—*Sunday Pictorial*. (J. Shapero.)

Mr. Shurmer (Soc., Sparkbrook) said that people in Birmingham were buying chips to render down for fat.—*Daily Telegraph*. (M. Hollinshead.)

SOCIALIST STOCKTAKING

IV.—NATIONALISATION

[In this series of articles a Labour M.P. analyses the theory and practice of current British Socialism.]

THE passing of the Steel Bill will be the most important single action of the Labour Government. To the rest of its legislative programme there has been no convinced opposition. But the steel industry is a place where State ownership really hurts the defenders of free enterprise. To have faltered on the last and most important item of "Let's Face the Future" would have been political suicide. Just as the Government had to begin by nationalising coal, so it had to end its first five years by nationalising steel. There is a dynamic in politics which no one but the political trimmer or the academic observer can neglect.

It is against this background that we must discuss the place of further proposals for nationalisation in the next legislative programme. Purely electorally, nationalisation, at the highest rating, will be a secondary issue, once the Government has fought the Steel Bill through the Commons. Though politicians may decide to make steel *the* issue, and though the Labour Movement regards State ownership of that industry as the acid test, the electorate may not follow this lead. There is almost as little interest in the issue of "State *versus* Private Ownership" as in that of "Lords versus Commons." The British people has a quiet sort of political acumen. It is unlikely to bother whether one or half a dozen industries are considered "ripe for nationalisation," far less by what procedure the transfer should take place. It has probably made up its mind already that public ownership is neither a cure for all evils nor an unmitigated disaster, and that the standard by which the Government will be judged when it asks for re-election is very different.

Fortunately, therefore, the question can be discussed disregarding its propaganda merits. What extension of State ownership is objectively desirable during the second five years of Labour's rule? The answer we give will depend, first, on the goal which we set ourselves as democratic Socialists and, secondly, on the criteria we employ in judging the efficiency of an industry.

The majority of Socialists would probably say that their ideal is a fully collectivised economy, or at least an economy in which the public sector so far predominates that it sets the tone for the rest. The objection has been made that total collectivism is bound to lead to totalitarianism. But this argument has no validity. Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany are the two outstanding examples of totalitarian States; yet in the former the means of production and distribution are State-owned, while in the latter capitalism was carefully retained. The danger of totalitarianism arises from factors which may occur equally in a collectivist and a capitalist economy—the ever-growing concentration of economic and political power, the exploitation of the political illiteracy of the newly emancipated masses, and, lastly, the failure of representative institutions to adapt themselves to the tempo of the revolution in which we live. There is no sound reason, therefore, to think that Britain would be any more or any less susceptible to totalitarianism because its economy was largely collectivised.

But discussion of the merits of a fully collectivised economy is really academic. Assume another ten years of unbroken Socialist rule, during which a dozen further industries were nationalised. Even then, in 1958 many of our export industries would still remain in private hands. For all practical purposes, we must assume a mixed economy as the basis of our democratic Socialism; and this means that the contribution of the non-socialised sector will remain, for as long as we can foresee, of decisive importance, not only in agriculture and the distributive trades, but in productive industry.

Socialists, therefore, must rid themselves of the superstition that, because we are in a period of transition from a capitalist to a collectivised economy, we need not face too seriously the problem of running free enterprise under a Socialist plan. This is precisely the problem we have to face. Any schemes of nationalisation for the years 1950 to 1955 must be argued not in terms of an abstract ideal of total collectivism, but of their immediate effect in strengthening the mixed economy which we shall have to operate as long as we can foresee. Nationalisation, in fact, must be considered in the context of Britain's struggle to modernise her economy, revolutionise the relations of management and men, and so achieve a stable balance of exports and imports. The kind of question which must be answered is:

(1) Are there still points in the economy where State ownership is needed in order to enable the Government to undertake effective planning (*e.g.*, the City)?

(2) Are there key firms or sections of industry where monopoly is holding up development (*e.g.*, boot and shoe machinery)?

(3) Are there other industries, apart from those already taken over, where the national demands for capital expansion exceed the limits of private investment?

(4) Are there industries where nationalisation would bring immediate savings in overheads and provide a useful revenue to the State (*e.g.*, life insurance)?

What we must at all costs avoid is the notion that we have simply to draw up a list of "industries ripe for nationalisation." It is a complete delusion that British industry is divisible into a number of entities called "industries" which can be nationalised as units. It was quite pardonable to assume, in framing "Let's Face the Future," that, in addition to public utilities and services, coal-mining would be better run by the State on highly centralised lines. But we have learned already that the institution suitable to public utilities will rarely fit productive industry, and we should be wise to ban the term "*an* industry" from our Socialist vocabulary.

We must base our approach to nationalisation not on the out-worn if still romantic concepts of "seizing power" and "abolishing the profit motive," but on a pragmatic resolve at all costs to increase efficiency. Here the Fabian philosophy is right, provided that efficiency is adequately defined. In deciding what and how to nationalise during the next five years, we should ask ourselves: "Will this enable us to produce things we need more cheaply, with less waste of effort, and with less friction between the classes?"

Once the question is posed in this way, it is clear that no general answer is possible. Each trade must be considered in detail on its merits. Here the reports of the Working Parties will be invaluable. It may be found that aircraft production, which is completely dependent on the State and can never show a genuine profit, should be run by a Service Department, or something like it. Maybe, cement is a monopoly where costs and prices can be speedily reduced by State ownership in the form of a public corporation.

Such examples, however, are exceptions to the general rule. In the field of productive industry, our main problems to-day are, first, the existence at certain key points of monopolies—Lucas, for instance, holds a near-monopoly of electrical equipment in the motor industry—and, secondly, the glaring contrast between the few efficient and the host of inefficient firms. Part of the solution is doubtless a rationalisation which can be undertaken by private enterprise along the lines suggested by the recently announced agreement between Austins and Nuffields. But there are many processes where such rationalisation will not be voluntarily undertaken. In some cases State ownership of a monopoly firm, in others a State-owned model factory, in direct competition with backward private firms, will have far more stimulating effects than any attempt to take the industry over as a whole. The potteries urgently need reorganisation. Instead of nationalising dozens of obsolete plants, it would surely be wiser to build one model State-owned unit in a Development Area.

So far we have assumed that nationalisation could be considered solely as a means of increasing industrial efficiency and that the Government already possesses sufficient powers to plan effectively without any further increase of State ownership. There is one obvious exception. The City of London still controls its own destiny. The joint stock banks operate freely, since, after nationalisation, the Bank of England can invoke no sanctions against them if they disregard its directives. The only control on their policy is the rubber stamp of the Capital Issues Committee.

It can be argued that the threat of nationalisation is a sufficient sanction to ensure the co-operation of the joint stock banks. But even if this be true, a Labour Government would be well advised to make the threat more real. A start might well be made by nationalising the discount houses and forming one national discount company. This would at least be a first move to control of the rate of interest.

Such a modest reform, however, could scarcely be rated as an attack on the independence of the City. If this is to be undertaken—as it must—the first objective should probably be the insurance companies. The nett increment of life insurance, after dividends are paid, is between £60,000,000 and £70,000,000, most of which is normally invested in gilt-edged securities. But, by holding out on the Government, the companies can directly influence the rate of investment. If it is to be master in its own house, the Government must take powers at the least to direct the investments of the insurance companies, and might well go further by creating a State monopoly for life insurance, while leaving other forms of insurance in private hands, where they earn a handsome dollar revenue.

There is no doubt that such proposals would create a public outcry. This would be no bad thing. An attack on the City would symbolise for the man in the street that the struggle is no longer between classes, but between the many and the few. Nationalisation—a secondary issue as regards industry—could rally support from all classes if it was applied gently but firmly to high finance.

THE STUDENT NURSE

If nursing is to be regarded as a profession, the student nurse must be prepared for it as students for most other professions are. During her student days the emphasis must be on preparation for the future rather than on service at the time. Apprenticeship and evening classes may be all very well as a preparation for some trades, but a student nurse who, after a hard night's work in which she has had to accept responsibility and to make decisions, has to attend lectures and classes, is unlikely to obtain much benefit from them. It is this unending conflict between the duty of the nurse to herself in learning her profession, and her duty to her patients in caring for their needs, as well as the strain of being expected to know much that she has never been taught, that makes so many nurses retire from their profession either during training or directly after its completion.

Of course nursing, being a practical subject, can only be taught at the bedside and only by those actively engaged in nursing. I would go further and suggest that, whatever may be considered necessary for higher degrees, all instruction for the S.R.N. qualification should be directly associated with nursing, and to secure this should be given only by those who themselves have had nursing training and experience. But this does not mean that the student nurse must be an essential member of the staff of a hospital which would have to close its wards without her aid. The medical student acts as clinical clerk or dresser in the wards as part of his training. His activities are no doubt of service to the hospital, but the nature of these duties and when they are undertaken is determined by his curriculum of training and not by the needs of the hospital. In the same way the student teacher may take classes for instructional purposes but is not a source of cheap labour. How can one blame the harassed Matron, when confronted by a sudden nursing vacancy in a tuberculosis or chronic sick ward, for selecting a student nurse, who dare not object, rather than a staff nurse who can readily secure another post the day she leaves the hospital?

It is this essential conflict between the duty of the hospital to provide instruction for the student nurse and its equally urgent task of providing nursing care for the sick that has given rise to that abomination of abominations, the "block" system, by which nurses at selected intervals in their career are withdrawn for some weeks from the wards to be crammed with imperfectly-digested theory for examination purposes. How can a practical subject like nursing be taught in this way? It is when a nurse is looking after a case of pneumonia that she should be taught the essential facts about this disease and how it should be nursed, and not six months later. British doctors have secured their present high place in their profession because, as students, they have learned their job at the bedside. They have seen cases in the wards and, while their interest was maintained, have learned the pathology, etiology and treatment of the disease through clinical lecture, class and textbook, and this is the only way in which a practical subject can be successfully mastered.

There is only one solution to the nursing problem as I see it. The authority that provides treatment for the sick must not be responsible for the training of nurses. The employer cannot at the same time be teacher, and a governing body that demands of the Matron of its hospital that she should at the same time act in both capacities is asking for the impossible. The student nurse must become a student and all her activities must be directed to this one end—training for her profession. The Majority Report of the Working Party is quite right in suggesting that, with a carefully directed syllabus combining theory and practice, the essentials of the practice of nursing can be learned in a couple of years. The student nurse must take her place with all other students. She must live with them and like them, in hostel, lodging, or in her home, and the education authority, assisted of course by those in charge of the hospitals, must be responsible for her training.

It may be suggested that this is essentially a long-term policy. It may be so, but in my view it is the only permanent solution to the nursing problem, though of course it may have to be brought into operation gradually. There are two principal difficulties. How can the hospitals, with many beds already closed, continue to function at all if robbed of their present supply of docile, cheap labour? This is admittedly a very real problem, but it is not insoluble. After all it must be remembered that the labour that the student nurse provides is only semi-skilled, little as this is generally realised. Moreover it is not suggested that the student nurse should do no work in the wards but only that the character of this work and its duration should be determined by the educational claims of the student rather than the needs of the hospital. The deficiency which will undoubtedly occur at first may be met by the employment of many more part-time nurses, *e.g.*, married women who can give some hours daily or even weekly, and by dilution. It is wasteful for skilled nurses to be doing work that can be undertaken equally well by less skilled persons. It is absurd to see two trained nurses making a bed. In Switzerland, where there also exists a dearth of skilled personnel, much is being done by dilution. Trained nurses in hospital must become much more directors and administrators, just as ward sisters are at present.

Lastly, the position of the hospital matron under the set-up that is suggested may need clarification. She will of course be responsible for the discipline of the wards just as she is at present, and the student nurse must be subject to this discipline but only while working in the wards. But she should spend less time in repetitive tasks than at present and her spells of duty should be determined as part of a definite educational scheme which will provide also sufficient time for classes, demonstrations and private study. Of course the authority that is responsible for the hospital will have to be consulted in the preparation of the scheme, for on the good will of this authority and the teaching ability of the ward sisters everything must depend, but the bias throughout must be educational.

Somerville Hastings

CHINA OUTLOOK

(From a Correspondent in Shanghai.)

The disasters which have befallen the Kuomintang during the past month represent a definite change in the military strategy of the Communist-led Liberation Armies. Their usual methods have previously been to surround towns, cut off their supplies, make a temporary entry to collect loot, and then retire—the economy of a whole large area thus being disrupted. But Tsinan, Changchun and Kaifeng—big cities with peace-time populations around the million mark—were all decisively captured. Like Chinchow, Chefoo and Chengchow, they fell because of large-scale desertions by Kuomintang troops.

In Tsinan, 20,000 men went over to the Communists as soon as the first shot was fired; and the chairman of the City Council, after making his escape, accused the Governor of Shantung Province, Wang Yao-wu, of having sold supplies to the Communists and finally having gone over to them. What actually happened to Wang Yao-wu, who was an American-trained general, is doubtful. The Communists have several times claimed him as a prisoner, but there is no doubt that supplies to the Communists did go through Tsinan. (This fact has alarmed those people who believe that Shanghai will not be taken by the Communists because so many of their supplies come through this port.) At Changchun the whole 60th Army went over to the Communists and the American-trained and equipped 7th Army fought for 24 hours and then surrendered—with the exception of 300 men who apparently stuck it out to the very last. Everywhere north of the Yangtsekiang there are signs of jitters and outright defeatism. To get on to a plane from Tientsin to the south you have to pay about twenty times the regular fare.

The economic situation is, if anything, worse than the military one. Kuomintang politicians possess a genius for mis-government; quite apart from their incredible greed and corruptness, they have the illusion that when they say a currency is backed by gold this will be the same as making it into a convertible currency. The result of the currency reform is that Shanghai at the moment looks as if it had been looted by the Communists. After a few weeks, everybody tried to get rid of the new currency because even the common people were afraid that the Gold Yuan would depreciate as fast as the C.N.-Dollar had done before it. They bought up everything and anything they could lay their hands on. At the same time storekeepers were reluctant to sell because they did not want to convert their stocks into paper money. And the peasant, who was willing to take paper money, would certainly not sell his goods in Shanghai (where the economic police were keeping prices down), when he could sell them at eight or nine times the price in any of the towns thirty or forty miles from here where they had never heard of an economic police. To-day, in the Kinling Road, there are endless queues for sugar, rice, tea, woollen yarn, cotton yarn and all the other necessities of life which have suddenly entirely disappeared from Shanghai. So far there has been no trouble: the Chinese are incredibly good-natured and even more patient. But even that patience can break some time, and I would rather not be in Kinling Road when it does. In other cities, such as Tientsin, Amoy, Foochow and Chungking, there are no shortages, because price-ceilings were not enforced, and a currency black market is in operation. The latest quotation in Tientsin is 25 Gold Yuan for one U.S.-Dollar. This is an inflation of 600 per cent. in one month.

There have been several fairly strong attacks on Chiang Kai-shek in the Legislative Yuan, which ordinarily can be compared to Hitler's Reichstag. One of these is worth quoting, as it shows the mixture of politeness and naivete which characterises Chinese official politics:

> Why should Chiang Kai-shek fly to Mukden and Peiping all the time? He should find some man he trusts and give the man all his powers. Anyway, President Chiang is too tired after all these years since the beginning of the Sino-Japanese war. We should now urge the President to take one year's time for a visit to the United States . . . If by the end of one year the situation becomes better, he can always be invited back to China to take charge.

How bad things really are was admitted by Kuo Yuan of the Chinese Ministry of Food, who said last week that over 10 million people in the North and North-east areas are facing starvation, and that there is nothing whatever that can be done about it. Owing to bad communications, South China cannot make up the deficit, and in any case the North faces an additional drain on its food resources by the refugees moving down from lost Manchuria. On top of everything else, the Communists buy food in the Kuomintang areas, and get it by offering three or four times the market price.

The Communists, however, are having their economic troubles, too. One indication is that six million Communist Yuan are needed to buy one Gold Yuan. A properly planned economy depends on a centralised control, and in China attempts at a central control have always foundered because of the insufficient communications and because of the natural conservatism of the people. It is just as impossible to generalise about conditions in the Communist areas as it is in Kuomintang China, because what may, for instance, apply to a hamlet in Southern Manchuria which is run on the lines of a collective farm may be entirely the opposite in the case of a similar kind of hamlet in Hopei or Shansi. Mao Tse-tung has probably little more control over his armies than Chiang Kai-shek, and conditions in each town and province depend entirely on the people in command there.

What everybody here really wants to know is what is going to happen to China and the Chinese. There are only four possibilities: the Communists may win; the two warring parties may partition China into two States, South and North; there may be a Coalition Government; or the Kuomintang may win. At the moment, partition seems perhaps the most sensible solution. It would not be anything new in China, and the Yangtsekiang makes a very natural border-line. The people north of it are as different from the people south of it as, for instance, an Italian is different from a Scotsman. Partition would simply recognise a fact. In time there would develop the natural trade which is essential to both sides. Personally, however, I do not think that either side at the moment will be satisfied with this solution. On the other hand, a coalition between the Kuomintang and the Communists is out of the question. The Communist leaders would never consent to sit down at the same table with any member of the Soong family. The splinter parties, which are small and have little real influence, might be ready to govern jointly with the Communists; but the snag is that this would be an administration dominated by the Communists and therefore unacceptable to America.

The attitude of the United States is, in fact, one of the decisive elements in the situation, and it is as enigmatic as the Sphinx. The Americans have been pouring into China a considerable amount of money which has been entirely wasted. They have given great quantities of surplus equipment, most of which is rusting all over China; some of it has found its way into Communist hands. The Americans seem to be building up Japan as their bastion against Russia in the Far East, but at the same time they emphasise that without China they can never hold Japan. They give orders to the navy in Tientsin to evacuate in case of trouble, and at the same time say that they would never let a Treaty Port fall into Communist hands.

Unless the Kuomintang receives far more effective help from outside, the Communists can take the whole of China. It would probably take them another twelve months or so of more or less intensive fighting. They could take Shanghai within a month. And just what would America do in that case? If I knew the answer to that question, I should not have such a headache now. From a capitalist point of view I am convinced that business can be done with the Chinese Communists if and when they take Shanghai, as long as the Americans do not blockade it. A blockade would drive the Communists straight into Russia's arms. Just how far the Russians are supporting the Communists is still a very open question, but there is one thing to be remembered about the Chinese: they hate foreigners. All foreigners, be they American, British, Russian, Filipino, Indian, are still foreign devils. The Chinese will always accept foreign help, but only as long as it suits them. And their final ambition, be they Nationalist or Communist, is to make China the great World Power it ought to be—a Power ruled, for the first time in a thousand years by Chinese.

THE HERO

When the hero's task was done
And the beast lay underground,
In the time that he had won
From the fates that pushed him round

He had space to contemplate
How the peasants still were bled
And that in the salvaged state
Worms continued at the head.

Little space: already, where
Sweetly he enjoyed his fish,
Seeing through the shouldered hair
Loosening sails and dirty dish,

Gasped a pale new plea for aid.
Cleaning his gun later, he
Felt with awe the old beast's shade
Fall across the wine-dark sea.

Roy Fuller

CHEAP CLOTHES FOR FAT OLD WOMEN

Although the chief business of the fashion journalist is to find flattering alternatives to the phrase I have chosen for my title, the practised wielding of a new and esoteric language has now become instinctive with her. I am not speaking of those copy-writers in the daily press who offer Gowns for the O.S. Matron in a colour-range (*nigger, saxe, eau-de-nil*) that has elsewhere disappeared from the spectrum. My study is of the specialised grammar and vocabulary of the fashion-writer in the glossy monthlies whose language, while representing the quintessence of glamour to thousands of women, must still be virtually incomprehensible to millions more.

Her grammatical usages really merit special research, and here I will refer only to my two favourites. First, the Hypnotic Imperative (*This season you will be wearing . . ., reading . . ., talking about . . .* The best example I ever met ran: *Because it's high summer you'll buy a new aeroplane painted blue to match the skies.*) Second, the Omitted Conjunction in descriptions of intellectuals—*He lives in an old house in Essex, writes for "Horizon," collects china cats . . .*

But it is in the bold misuse of our contemporary vocabulary that the art of the fashion-writer is seen at its best; and for those who may wish to penetrate into hitherto unexplored fields I append an all-too-short glossary. I should add that the abbreviation G.W. indicates a Glamour-Word, extremely evocative in the right context and of no real meaning whatsoever.

Amusing: cheap.
Bold: G.W.; e.g., *b. back-sweeping fullness.*
Brief, adj.: very short in length; e.g., *b. bolero, b. panties,* also briefest.
Bulge, Unseemly: stomach fat.
Charm, Nostalgic: G.W.
Classic, n.: English garment (shoes, hat, suit) barely susceptible to fashion changes.
Crisp, adj.: G.W.; e.g., *a c. silhouette, c. touches of white.*
Demure: (of hats and hair-styles) those which symmetrically frame the face.
Derriere, n.: buttocks; e.g., *tuck in your d.*
Dignified: (i) of women: old; (ii) of clothes: for old women.
Dramatic: virtually unwearable, but photographs well.
-est: intensive used instead of "very"; e.g., *palest grey, softest and finest worsteds.*
Everywhere: in a very few places; e.g., *sable stoles are e.*
Flattery: G.W.; e.g., *the f. of mink, diamonds, orchids against your skin.*
Frankly, adj.: would be ugly if we didn't tell you it wasn't; e.g., *a f. jagged hemline.*
Fuzz, Unsightly: superfluous hair on the legs.
Generous: (i) the designer is making nothing out of the dress-length, e.g., *g. cuffs*; (ii) fat.
Hairs, Obstinate or Recalcitrant: the unwanted moustache; e.g., *tweak out those o. (or r.) h.*
Highlight, n.: a noticeable accessory. Cp. Spotlight.
Hugging: tight; e.g., *bosom-h., waist-h.*
Husky: suitable for out-of-door country wear.
Important: G.W.
Indispensable: G.W.; e.g., *the i. pearl choker.*
-ise: verbal suffix; e.g., slenderise, glamorise, accessorise.
Jaunty: G.W.
Lightly-boned: of corsets (no corsets to-day are Heavily-boned).
Limited Income, adj.: cheap.
Midriff: stomach.
Older: (of women) old.
Push, vb.: fabric-fullness is *pushed* (occ. *pulled*) to the back, side or front; once arrived at the back, however, it becomes Backswept (formerly used only of vertically ascending hair).
Significant; G.W.

SOFTLY: G.W.; e.g., *s. rounded, s. draped, s. knotted.*

SPOTLIGHT, vb.: to add a noticeable accessory, cp. HIGHLIGHT.

SUBTLE: G.W.; frequently *s. emphasis of . . .*

TEAM, vb.: to wear one thing with another; e.g., *t. your palest grey dress with the subtle flattery of a brief scarlet bolero.*

THAT, THOSE: adjs. of distaste and elimination; e.g., *eliminate t. unsightly bulge,* or, as above, *tweak out t. recalcitrant hairs.*

Finally I should, I suppose, give an example of the way in which my title, that epitome of the whole thing, can be translated. A professional could, of course, do better: I offer *Limited Income Clothes for Dignified Maturity*. You see what a different impression you get right away?

MARGHANITA LASKI

The Arts and Entertainment

THE THEATRE

"The Wild Duck," at the St. Martin's

"Home is Tomorrow," at the Cambridge

The new production of *The Wild Duck* at the St. Martin's Theatre is a theatrical event. Indeed, it is much more than a merely theatrical event. One of the world's undoubted masterpieces is presented in London in a manner which really matches up to it. This does not happen as often as it should at the moment; but when it does, the intelligent public can best show its gratitude by an early response. Support in the first few weeks is what tells.

Pressure of space prevents any lengthy discussion of the play and that is just as well. For *The Wild Duck*, it seems to me, is a play that the commentators, by labouring to draw from it all sorts of strictly irrelevant lessons, have made to seem very much more obscure and difficult than it really is. Simple one cannot call it, for its subtle and rich pattern of feeling is traced with a complexity of reference and cross-reference, imagery and allusion, within the play itself. But it is perfectly straightforward, the most human of ironical comedies which a blundering though well-meaning muddler turns into a very human tragedy; and, in spite of a few obvious clumsinesses, the story is masterfully told.

Of this production one need only say that, if there is no absolutely great acting, there is an uncommonly and consistently high level. And that the producer (Mr. Michael Benthall) characteristically emphasising the shape and pace, holds the whole thing together so successfully that one doesn't after the first few minutes notice the widely assorted collection of accents. In the main parts Miss Mai Zetterling catches exactly the suggestible self-dramatising imagination of a young girl. Mr. Robert Harris, giving one of his best performances, plays an idealist so convincingly at the beginning that he carries us with him over the difficult shoals of the dénouement; and Mr. Anton Walbrook, if his accent sometimes throws the timing a little off-beat, brings a very full, rich imagination to the charm and humbug of Hialmar. Then there is Miss Fay Compton as Gina and two brilliant smaller contributions, one from Mr. Miles Malleson as old Ekdal, and the other from Mr. Walter Fitzgerald as Dr. Relling.

A new Priestley play is also a theatrical event. But *Home is Tomorrow* left me a little puzzled. Puzzled to know, that is, just what were his intentions. If I understand them correctly, he has tried a "left and right," a left aimed at the discussion play, and a right at the political thriller. And as often happens in that case, even to an experienced shot, he has ended by only winging both.

Sir Edward Fortrose, an old Cambridge man, son of a Stockport doctor, late of the late Colonial Office, is now Governor of a Caribbean island under Uno protection. On his staff there is a Czech, a Chinese, a Frenchman, and two girls, one Bostonian and one Caribbean. A revolt is threatened from the North of the island, fostered by a sinister big business man, President of an American alloy combine, whose handsome metallurgist, besides attempting to seduce the Governor's wife, has discovered that the island is rich in a mineral invaluable for atomic development. Sir Edward, imperturbable and incorruptible, faces the difficulties of his administration in the best English ruling-class tradition. With a lofty sense of duty and a lascivious wife, whom he is too decent to treat as she should be treated, he carries on his high mission, fair and firm in all his dealings, until he is shot in the stomach by the political racketeer who leads the revolt. Before he dies he reminds the villain that a man can be killed, but an idea lives on.

Here certainly are the ingredients of a political thriller, the sort of material John Buchan, for instance, would have worked up into "a rattling good yarn" with a political slant. But Mr. Priestley doesn't seem to have attempted to work them up from the beginning. Only in the last half-hour does the story take shape and the play become dramatic. Up till then we might have supposed that we were in for a "discussion play," between a number of animated Points of View. And why not? Animated Points of View have been made into highly successful plays before now, by Mr. Shaw for one. But then it depends entirely on how the Points of View are put over. Mr. Shaw, for instance, aerates them with paradoxes and inversions (the right views from the wrong person). Here they are put over straight. The actors contrived the unexpected with their appearance; but their attitudes to politics and life are kept on the level of the expected. Big business is entirely wicked and self-indulgent: the Communist is orthodox, the Chinese smiles and takes the long view; the Frenchman frowns and takes the short; the lecherous wife defends "a good time" and the Governor is persistently decent.

The play has a number of rewarding parts, and the production is excellently cast. Notably Mr. Alan Wheatley makes a good thing of the *je m'en foutisme* of the young Frenchman obstinately persuading himself that he is only in Uno for the salary he can get out of it; Mr. Geoffrey Dunn gives a wonderfully bizarre appearance to the industrialist, Mr. Cecil Trouncer is passionately partisan and Mr. Leslie Banks exactly hits off the conventional English Governor with a great show of charm and *savoir-faire*.

T. C. WORSLEY.

RADIO NOTES

It is impossible, at present, I think, for anyone interested in the discussion of current affairs to listen to the *Brains Trust* without feeling a sense of waste. There are Messrs. Kingsley Martin, Wilson Harris and Collin Brooks earnestly discussing, as last Sunday, the proper behaviour to follow when one sees a cat playing with a mouse. The discussion is excellent; they make a well-balanced team; but, the thought insinuates itself, wouldn't it be better, wouldn't they prefer it themselves, if they were allowed to get on to the topics that really interest them, the topics they deal with weekly in their leading articles? For discussion of current affairs is still the weakest part of B.B.C. programmes. The only regular discussion programme remains *Friday Forum*, which, though much improved since it returned to the air two months ago, is still inherently unsatisfactory since it is too closely linked with the political parties. It is useful for anyone who wants to find out the Government and Opposition points of view on the subject being discussed, but from the very position of the speakers, who are usually M.P.s, the discussion is inevitably partisan, not critical. Once upon a time, during the fuel crisis of last year, the B.B.C. gave us, in the *Editorial Opinion* series, critical discussion of current affairs. I am not suggesting that *Editorial Opinion* should be brought back: it was a brilliant improvisation to meet a particular circumstance; but I do suggest that *Friday*

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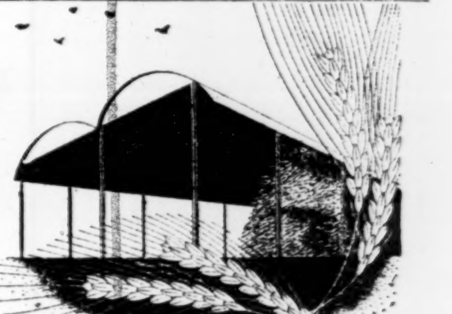

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Forum, which grew out of it, needs supplementing by the kind of discussion which only people who are not controlled by the party whips can give.

On the evidence of last week's production Henri de Montherlant's *The Master of Santiago* is as powerful and challenging a play as anything in contemporary drama; and we are very much in the Third Programme's debt for having been given the opportunity of hearing it so soon after its first production in Paris. I listened, very much as I read Montherlant, with fascinated repulsion. But here was a new Montherlant, a Montherlant preaching, in terms of a story of the breakdown of the knightly orders in sixteenth-century Spain, the gospel of non-attachment with an icily ferocious intransigence unparalleled in the already considerable modern literature on the subject. Even in translation the writing was most brilliant, the dramatic interest intense, and both the production, by Mr. Raymond Raikes, and the acting, in particular that of Mr. William Devlin as Don Alvaro, Mr. Laidman Browne as Don Bernal and Miss Louise Hutton as Mariana, fully worthy of the play. Yet even while one listened, one protested. For Don Alvaro, whom Montherlant would have us accept as a saint, renounces the world and persuades his daughter to do likewise, not out of love of God but out of hatred of man. He is the supreme egoist, his cry, "But I only tolerate perfection!" The non-attachment Montherlant preaches in this, to me, profoundly un-Christian play, is the most eloquent evocation of the death-wish that has yet emerged in contemporary writing. What makes the play intolerable is the author's approval of Don Alvaro. Aesthetically, this is the play's undoing. Such overweening arrogance, even under the mask of saintliness, demands a fall. In *The Master of Santiago* there is no fall; the hero wins his way, Mariana renounces the world and the man she loves, and the play ends in an ecstacy of death-worship. It is as though Coriolanus, an unassuming fellow, well-disposed towards humanity, compared with Don Alvaro, had been allowed to triumph. In *The Master of Santiago* we are presented not with the tragic hero, but with a figure of insane egoism.

William Salter

THE MOVIES

"An Act of Murder," at Leicester Square
"The Secret Beyond the Door," at Tivoli and New Gallery

The problem of *An Act of Murder* is whether anyone—the husband, say, of a woman who will die within a few weeks of an agonising illness—has the right to kill another human being. The husband is here a judge (Frederic March), famous for his harshness in murder cases and his rigid attachment to the law; when his wife (Florence Eldridge) reaches the final stages of brain disease, he resists for a time the impulse to end her suffering, then drives her in his car over a cliff, and himself surviving insists upon standing trial for murder. Was he justified or not? Should the law take a lenient view? Does it in fact do so when such cases come up? These questions are juggled about in an artful ending which makes Mr. March legally innocent (his wife is proved to have died from an overdose of drug) but morally guilty.

With some ingenuity a serious question has been raised and, if not answered, adapted to the requirements of a problem picture. The domestic happiness of these two people before the blow falls is charmingly conveyed, and thanks largely to the beautiful playing of Miss Eldridge, the advances of the disease provide some notable and touching scenes. Then why does not the whole film make us think and feel rather more strongly? The trouble is that the dramatic tricks and twists are as unreal as the background is convincing. The oldest family friend happens to be a brain specialist; the daughter's young man is a rising advocate opposed to the judge's ideas, who finally takes up his defence and gets him off. Worst of all, into those moving scenes between the judge and his wife, when the symptoms have been diagnosed, shocking falsity has been introduced: the emotional double-cross. He can't bear that she should know; she finds out but can't bear *he* should know she knows, etc. Hardened cinema-goers will recognise this as the accepted convention whenever blindness or brain-disease threatens one of two people in love. *An Act of Murder* would have been twice as true and effective if it had resisted these jaded tricks.

Murder in *The Secret Beyond the Door* is neither justified nor debated but waved off in the nick of time by psycho-analysis. Miss Joan Bennett has worked herself into a position of wonderful danger by marrying Mr. Michael Redgrave: he doesn't *look* so afflicted, only a bit wobbly at times; but here we are, being shown round his house, which contains endless staircases and corridors and bedrooms in which famous murders have been committed—not mere replicas, it seems, but the original furniture and wallpapers. One of these rooms has yet to complete its story: Miss Bennett's, needless to say. Well, just as he is advancing in the shadows with a silk scarf extended, she quickly puts two and two together, and says: "You don't like locked rooms and lilacs; just go back to that time when you were a child . . . your mother . . . etc., etc." That does the trick. He remembers, they embrace, ten years of specialists' fees have been saved, and now they only have to escape from a, fortunately, burning mansion. This weird twaddle is offered to us by Fritz Lang, whose touch, however—except for an occasional close-up—would hardly be guessed.

William Whitebait

AT THE GALLERIES

One of the most interesting exhibitions recently held in London, and even important from an historical point of view, was that of drawings and wood engravings by Edward Gordon Craig which took place at the Leicester Galleries. Modest in scale and slightly dated as Craig's works are—they owe a lot to the style of *art nouveau*, which is not surprising as most of them were done in the first years of this century—they represent the visions of a man of genius. Hardly known to the younger generation and never regarded with the esteem due to him, Craig was no less than one of the pioneers of the modern movement and a great revolutionary of the theatrical world. The son of Ellen Terry, he was brought up in the world of naturalism on the stage, and he was the first to realise that the theatre could be freed from that tradition. The Russian theatre, Stanislavsky and Vakhtangov, have acknowledged their debt to him, and men like Reinhardt and Jessner owed practically everything to his inspiration. But his influence was not limited to the theatre. Through his association with Isidora Duncan he was linked with that "modern" type of stage dancing which between the two wars held tens of thousands of people on the Continent spellbound, and the names of Laban or Mary Wigman, so famous in Central Europe, might never have been heard of, had Craig not taught them how to move whole groups of dancers in a new fashion and how to create new effects out of masses, light and space. Further, it seems likely that an artist like Lionel Feininger learnt something from Craig's cubic scenery and animating rays of light.

The exhibition of Craig's woodcuts and drawings reflected a great part of his stage work and contained a number of his designs for the Cranach Press editions of "Hamlet." Touching as manifestations of a spirit who did not despise the painstaking work of the wood engraver, while he would certainly have preferred to build imaginary worlds on a much larger scale, they reveal a number of interesting things: for instance, that Craig was acquainted with Piranesi; that his cubism was inspired by the architecture of such Italian cities as San Gimignano; and that Reinhardt's "Grosses Schauspielhaus" in Berlin might never have been conceived without his designs for "Macbeth" of 1909. Together with a Penguin Book just published by Janet Leeper, this exhibition should remind us of the fact that there lives in Paris the one British artist who has had an enormous influence on the artistic life of Europe.

Edith Hoffman.

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Correspondence

ANOTHER MAN'S VISA

SIR,—It is not chauvinism but a spirit of suffering fraternity with Mr. Brome that induces me to record the details of another man's quest for a visa.

The British Visa Office in New York, some thirty-five floors up in the air at Rockefeller Center, presents a strange mixture of American fixtures and English customs. As I live in Connecticut eighty miles from New York, and had read Messrs Max Weber and Robert Merton on bureaucracy, I took care to visit the Office two months before sailing time, carrying as many odd letters and documents as I could anticipate might prove useful. The English don't treat Americans as if they were demi-gods, I had been warned: you take your turn with ordinary people. This was all right with me; I am a Socialist by nature if not by party, and have never been vain about my divinity. I rejoiced to learn that not even photographs were required: surely this represented a merciful measure on the part of the Labour Government against the criminal manufacturers of these things.

I waited my turn; my turn came; I said that I had a year's fellowship to study life in an English village. This interested my interviewer, and I tried to explain just what I intended to do. ("Anthropological study" was exact, but hopelessly uncommunicative; "sociological" proved little better, and I finally retreated to and stood stubbornly on the word "social.") But a necessary document was missing. My interviewer was sympathetic: I should come directly to his desk with a letter stating who would receive me in England, and he would facilitate the subsequent procedure.

Three weeks later I returned with the required letter. Unfortunately Interviewer No. 1 was absent, and I had to start afresh with Interviewer No. 2. I began my explanation with "social study," but to no avail. Although the facts that I held a fellowship and that arrangements had been made to receive me in England were accepted as proved, this interviewer now questioned the adequacy of a document that had passed muster with Interviewer No. 1. This was a communication from the American council which had awarded the fellowship, and his argument (as near as I could follow its subtleties) was that as the communication had been addressed to me instead of To Whom It May Concern, the content was circumlocutious. What was needed was simply a statement on the letterhead of the council to the effect that I held their fellowship.

"The council has offices a few blocks away. Could you phone and verify the matter?" "We make no phone calls, but if you return with the statement, I shall be pleased to attend to you."

The written word is more powerful than the spoken one in literate countries, I thought, munching on this anthropological titbit to appease my indecent hunger for a visa. But the titbit turned sour at the council headquarters. The subdivision responsible for fellowships had just moved to Washington with all its files and, no, the New York office was sorry but it could not undertake to furnish me with the necessary letter. It would, however (and did) phone Washington requesting that the letter be dispatched special delivery to my home, where it arrived the next day in triplicate "in case you have to leave some copies *en route*." (Professionals at a game at which I was embarrassingly amateur, Washington officials obviously knew that the Atlantic can only be crossed on a bridge of papers.)

With *three* letters in hand, and retaining a naive faith in the efficiency and amiability of Socialist emissaries (yet entirely disoriented by a wily capitalist notion, which I still held secretly, that even in visa offices there exist individuals who can be appealed to), I was stupidly overconfident and waited until the week before sailing before paying my final visit to Rockefeller Center. Disaster. Interviewer No. 3 (Numbers 1 and 2 were nowhere in evidence) was equally unaffected by my documents and entreaties which did not touch the issue *he* had discovered. I wanted a student visa, and yet I would not be registered at an English University? This was unprecedented; he would have to cable London for instructions, and a reply could not be expected in less than one or two months. My boat was leaving Saturday, couldn't I get a tourist visa temporarily and straighten out the matter in England?

"That would not be the proper way to proceed." Motion dismissed.

Unlike Mr. Brome, however, I caught my boat by a strategy which the devil himself must have inspired to circumvent the holy routine of a bureaucracy. For the same afternoon I visited the French Visa Office with two photographs on which my face was quite unidentifiable, paid four dollars and received a visa; voilà. Debarking at Cherbourg instead of Southampton, I made for Paris. Three weeks later, after vin rouge had washed the sour taste from my mouth, I went round to the British Consulate, produced my documents, and was issued a student visa within fifteen minutes. The only difficulty I encountered was that Interviewer No. 4, who had been clearly corrupted by the soft life in this wonderful city, good humouredly tried to dissuade me from going to England where "the food is impossible and the climate is worse." And so, with the help of corruption unknown to the true Englishman, I have the pleasure of pursuing my studies into the anthropology of this island.

17 Cadogan Place,
S.W.1.

HAROLD ORLANSKY

GROUP DEFAMATION

SIR,—We notice with regret that the Porter Committee on the Law of Defamation have decided not to recommend any general change in the existing law dealing with group defamation and, furthermore, that your review did not make any reference to this disappointing decision. The power for mischief of racialism both from the ethical and political point of view has been so horribly demonstrated to our generation that there is, in our opinion, overwhelming support amongst thinking people for the proposition that racialism is, to use the words of the Reverend James Parkes, not merely something to be ashamed of but something to be punished. Debate therefore, in our experience, tends to concentrate on the further question at what stage and by what means is it to be punished, and it is upon this issue that we should respectfully join issue with the Committee in its suggestion that the law of seditious libel affords a sufficient and appropriate safeguard.

For seditious libel the words complained of must be intended, or at least tend directly, to cause public disturbance or civil war. Yet whilst certain types of race defamation would satisfy this test this is by no means always the case. Defamation and incitement to hatred of a helpless minority will not necessarily produce violence from them, and direct violence by the defamers and their associates may or may not be part of the programme for the time being.

Moreover, it is unrealistic to overlook the fact that both judges and juries must be hesitant in convicting for an offence which is so vague and ill-defined in law and which has so strong a political colour. It is after all only one step removed from treason itself and intended for cases where the security and safety of the State are directly threatened.

Those of us who felt doubts about the appropriateness and efficacy of seditious libel in this regard watched with interest its experimental use in the case of Mr. Caunt, at Morecambe, last year. That case did nothing to allay our doubts and can surely have done little to inspire confidence in those who put their faith in this crude and clumsy weapon.

In the ultimate analysis the question is whether the evil is so great as to make it essential to overcome the difficulties involved in dealing with it. In our considered opinion recent experience admits of only one answer to this question. Moreover, we believe the suggested difficulties to be exaggerated. Other jurisdictions with traditions similar to our own have had

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ELIZABETH A. ALLEN
General Secretary.
The National Council for Civil Liberties.

PRESS AND POLITICS

SIR,—The election of Mr. Truman, in the face of the assurances of the leading journals and most of the columnists that he had no chance, again demonstrates how utterly worthless is their political judgment. It also exposes the futility of "straw votes," and newspaper and other polls as any sound guide to the opinions of a large electorate. Remembering that these same newspapers, polls and "samples" predicted Franklin Roosevelt's defeat on at least two occasions when he won handsomely, the conclusion is warranted that, if ever they did have their fingers on the political pulse of Americans in the mass, they have ceased to feel it over the past twenty years. There is good reason to believe, also, that what is called in this country "the popular Press," and the polls it conducts, are no more worth consideration. Our "popular" Press as a whole already declares that the Labour Party will be annihilated at the next general election. All the known facts and factors of real value to the formation of sound judgment on that issue are against any such belief. But that is not the point. Newspaper proprietors and editors, like the rest of us, are prone to wishful thinking and in the process will not make an intelligent effort at ascertaining public opinion. Worse still, they deliberately refuse to examine the significance of facts and factors available to them, as they are available to everybody—as, for example, the remarkable record of the Labour Party in the matter of the by-elections.

LEONARD W. MATTERS
2/3 Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, London.

THE WICKED TORIES

SIR,—I see that Mr. Maurice Edelman, M.P., refers to my speech on the Address as "bitter abuse." I am tempted to ask what, according to Mr. Edelman and his friends, is their conception of the function of the Opposition, assuming they consider that an official Opposition is necessary and desirable.

Sometimes we are accused of being weak and mealy-mouthed, and Mr. Herbert Morrison has on occasion offered to teach us the rudiments of our job. If we criticise with vigour, we are not merely sabotaging the Socialist paradise in which we are all living but are traitors to our country as well. Now we have the charge of "bitter abuse" from a party which presumably approves, since it does not disown, its political opponents being described as lower than vermin.

When none of these self-contradictory charges meet the situation, we are told we have no policy. Any suggestion that the first and most important function of government is to foster unity at home, provide security against outside aggression and make us solvent is always treated with hilarity. Stripped of all windy verbiage, what does Socialist policy amount to, except the old mixture of class hatred and deeper swigs at the bottle of nationalisation? I asked in my speech why Socialist M.P.s did not devote their platform energies to explaining to the British public what benefits they have received or are likely to receive from the industries already nationalised, instead of asking Dad to refresh his memory of the inter-war years. I warned them that Dad may not be as selective in his reminiscences as Mr. Herbert Morrison would wish.

L. D. GAMMANS
House of Commons.

THE STEEL BILL

SIR,—In your article on the Steel Bill you say that " . . . it is also probably wise to leave undisturbed for the present not only the managements of the various firms, but also the boards of directors . . ." As regards the boards of directors, I fail to see where the wisdom comes in.

The function of a board of directors is to formulate the policy of the firm in the interest of stockholders. The function of management is to implement this policy. According to the Steel Bill, a Steel Corporation will be charged with the task of formulating policy in the interests of the nation; and, this being so, it is by no means obvious what role is envisaged for the one-hundred-odd boards of directors.

There may, indeed, be a case for retaining managing directors to supervise the carrying out of Corporation policy and to act as liaisons between the Corporation and the companies. There may even be a good case for setting up boards of directors for groups of companies engaged on similar processes, charged with the duty of co-ordinating the work and improving the efficiency of the groups. But the proposal to retain all boards in their present form can only lead to stagnation, the directors having lost their incentives and the workers seeing no difference.

S. E. BENE
8 Brown Edge Road, Buxton.

THE HIGHLANDS

SIR,—It is quaint to see the last ripples of the deer-forest controversy disturb the back-waters of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Your varied correspondents need not get heated discussing the merits of tourism or men-breeding or the subsidy-racket as the chief aims of Highland development. Regeneration of an area neglected for two centuries will be accomplished only by reinvestment in all the resources together. A magnificent beginning has been made in the hydro-electric and forestry schemes, but most other resources are still neglected. National Parks, the Strathoykell Scheme, the Great Glen Development area are the first attempts ever made in this huge area of Scotland to introduce what appears to be the rudiments of *unified resource development*.

These schemes will prove the need for a better system of management, especially when larger and larger areas are surveyed in the same way: we may yet see a Highland Development Authority, adequately financed, and with powers to co-ordinate every aspect of development within the whole area. Located within the area itself, the Authority would be able to evoke the maximum of "people's participation in planning." That will be the Highlander's real opportunity for improving his lot.

There are considerable natural resources in the Highlands, summarised in the Scottish Reconstruction Committee's Bulletin No. 15. Now is the time for the Government to set up a Research Station in Scotland to examine these raw materials in detail and so to lay the foundations of new basic industries in the Highlands. It is surely wiser to encourage those industries which depend for their existence on local resources rather than on light industries, which are "foot loose." The Highlands provide the *raison d'être* for a wide variety of industries; all that is needed is the organisation to develop them. The T.V.A. knew how to do it; will we have an H.D.A.?

ROBERT H. S. ROBERTSON

MICE IN SYRUP

SIR,—I have frequently seen the mice referred to by Allan M. Laing in Chinese delicatessen shops, and once they were on the table at a banquet I attended in Chefoo. But surely they are a sort of conserve, or pickle, in syrup. And when you eat them, you draw the succulent part away from the tail and backbone, and put these on your plate edge, as you might put the inedible part of the asparagus.

AUSTIN LEE
St. Stephen's Vicarage,
Parkside Road, Hounslow, Middlesex.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
to this journal appear on page 425.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Is there to be a revival of Walter Pater? The resurrectionists are about, disinterring Victorian and Edwardian reputations, far removed from the tormented spirit of our time. Hence our recently renewed delight in the repetitive plots of a Trollope, the hesitancies of the later Henry James, the brisk fantasies of Stevensonian romance. And now a new generation may find "rest and refreshment" (George Saintsbury's phrase) in the reticence, the quietude, the "impassioned contemplation" of Pater.

We ought to be grateful to Mr. Richard Aldington for reviving Pater without ridiculing him.*

The story is very strange.

Here was a man dedicated to quietness and to an ideal of life "treated in the spirit of art," as he writes in the earliest of his essays; a shy man, anxious to avoid miscellaneous company and argumentative conversations; a lonely mind "striving to keep as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world"; one who, in his own fancy, seemed "bent on a secret errand"; one (above all) "utterly purposed" that he would not "offend." Pater applies this phrase to Raphael. He also applies it, oddly, to the affection formerly felt for Gaston de Latour by the French youth's dead grandmother: "an affection that had been as no other in its absolute incapacity for offence." (*Offensive* affection would no doubt have exhibited itself in embarrassingly demonstrative embracements during the regretted old lady's lifetime.) How did it happen that one so utterly purposed as Pater not to give offence should have given so much of it at the beginning of his literary life? Why, after a time of steady success in the twenty years or so after his death in 1894, were his books neglected or derided? Why was he mocked as a maundering aesthete of military aspect?

The explanation of the early period of Pater's offensiveness is easy. At the time when he published his first, and, as many of his admirers think, his best written book, *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (1873), no writer on art was permitted to criticise without preaching. Ruskinian rhetoric had convinced the academic world at any rate that art must *teach;* must repose on something not itself that makes for righteousness, to adapt Matthew Arnold's phrase from one of his excursions into theology. "Art for art's sake." The fatal sentence is in the epilogue to Pater's book. Is it any sillier than would be this other sentence: "Politics for politics' sake"? No; but no politician would ever admit that he was in politics for anything but patriotism, identified of course with Party. Pater never concerned himself with politics, as did Arnold, Carlyle, Ruskin and William Morris. And he refused to preach.

His famous epilogue to the *Renaissance* reveals that he wanted people to be happy; that the artist creates beauty and therefore happiness. This would never do. Action for action's sake, now—Carlyle's gospel: that was noble, that in a pragmatic manner, was truth; or truth, after action, would emerge from it. Prove all things, but don't enjoy anything. "I wish," said Pater, "that people wouldn't call me a hedonist; it makes such a bad impression on those who don't know Greek." "People" from the first became suspicious of Pater as a "pleasurist."

In his account of Pater's peculiarities Mr. Aldington follows that unabashed literary and biographical snooper, Thomas Wright, of Olney, to whom we owe (it must be admitted) our best edition of Cowper's letters. Mr. Wright, dressed as a dissenting Minister, pursued the families of the illustrious dead with an undeviating persistence. No prohibition, no objection, no denial was of the slightest avail with him. He held the view that every trivial detail, every dubious report, every suspected secret in the lives of any of his victims should be published to the world, without compunction. The dead mustn't keep secrets. It was in this spirit of a private inquiry agent that he approached Walter Pater's sisters to whom *Marius the Epicurean* was dedicated. Hester Pater, the elder of the two, told me that they had refused to give the "objectionable" man (as Pater would surely have called him) any information whatever. Mr. Wright therefore, "walking quickly," as his own Life says he used to do, departed with a flea in his ear. The insect leapt thence, and cruelly bit the Miss Paters in the two volumes of the sage of Olney's tattling compilation. Thus, even after his death, Pater was made to appear, if not "offensive," at least feebly mysterious and rather silly. I am not accusing the nosey Wright of lying; merely of swallowing any piece of trash proffered by those whom it amused to satiate his greed for gossip. Mr. Aldington wisely uses the Olney detective's anecdotes with caution yet I think too trustfully; and that at the cost of omitting several authentic sayings of the real Pater, of which one of the most pleasing is the answer he often gave to those who asked him if his family was connected with that of the painter, Jean-Baptiste Pater. "I think so, I believe so, I always *say* so," Pater would reply. A characteristically guarded admission.

The early attacks upon Pater undoubtedly affected his mind, and, it may be added, his style. He omitted the famous or notorious "Conclusion" from the second edition of his *Renaissance,* as he "conceived it might possibly mislead some of those young men into whose hands it might fall." When the third edition appeared in 1888 the "Conclusion" was restored "in slightly modifield form," as Mr. Aldington points out. Has he noticed that all the modifications are in the same sense: timid qualifications, faint withdrawals? An overbold sentence slips out of the admirable essay on Winckelmann. The famous "our failure is to form habits" is preceded by "in a sense it may even be said that . . ." So in many other passages. And the reader is referred to *Marius the Epicurean* for a fuller expression of Pater's thoughts about art and life.

Marius (in two volumes) had appeared in 1885. I regret that Mr. Aldington has chosen to reprint (from the "completely revised" edition) the whole of this book. Had he not done so he could have included much that one is sorry to miss—the beautiful essay on the Poetry of Michelangelo for instance from the *Renaissance* and the skillfully woven study of The Myth of Demeter and Persephone from *Greek Studies. Marius* is indeed a patched book which may well be read in pieces, as Mr. Aldington sees and says for the unfinished *Gaston de Latour.* Pater was incapable of a *prolonged* effort in the delineation of a character, or even of an intellectual development. That, by the way, is why many of his readers still think that *Imaginary Portraits* is his best book. He thought so himself, calling it the most *natural* of them all. He excelled at short studies such as these. He could not "compose" at full length.

Nevertheless *Marius* painfully pieces itself together: this account, which cannot be called a novel, of "slowly accumulated intellectual judgments" in a Roman youth of decorous habits, scrupulous in ritualistic reverence, at first, for the rustic deities of his youth; passing thence, after the death of a beloved friend, into a phase of almost despairing negation; then into a sort of puritanical epicureanism, which would be indistinguishable from stoicism were it not for its revolt against the stoic's contempt for the body; at last collapsing, after much meditation, into the anti-climax of an accidental conversion to Christianity; for nothing seems to suggest that Marius had a "soul naturally Christian," in humility of mind, in fear of the world, in mystical submissiveness.

I wish that Mr. Aldington had gained space for the essays I have indicated, as for one or two of Pater's delightful studies of Shakespeare, by the omission of the long interpolated translations that make the larger patches in the texture of *Marius.* But he holds that Pater is "a master of prose translation." An adaptor; not a translator. "It is hardly necessary to say how much *Marius* owes to the Cupid and Psyche episode from Apuleius." Has Mr. Aldington read Apuleius? Does he really think that Pater's tidied, marmoreal version of the charming fairy tale in any way resembles the prose of the florid African?

Marius could have been shortened again without compunction, on account of the outworn nature of its implicit theme. The fine shades of belief no longer interest an age confronted by murderous fanaticisms undreamt of in Pater's time. When his book appeared the English reading public—at any rate the more serious of Mr. Mudie's subscribers—took a keen delight in the discussion of "religious doubts." Shades of heresy—a suspected Arianism, an imputed Pelagianism, a charge of Manichæism—could still be eagerly analysed and denounced in learned periodicals, and discussed in the drawing rooms of the "superior classes." In fiction doubters became best-sellers. Perched on the "impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture" men as eminent as Mr. Gladstone would assist these sales by fusillades of protesting postcards or letters to the press. It was the period of *Robert Elsmere.* Pater reviewed this novel in one of the stumbling and very ill-written *Essays from the Guardian* which Mr. Aldington rightly ignores. His review reveals something of his own attitude towards belief or half-belief. His remarks have an ironical sound—though I do not think he meant to be ironical—in their concession to the fumblers (like Marius) after as much faith as could possibly be commanded by "honest doubt"

> Of course, a man such as Robert Elsmere ought not to be a clergyman of the Anglican Church. The priest is still, and will, we think, remain, one of the necessary types of humanity; and he is untrue to his type, unless, with whatever inevitable doubts in this doubting age, he feels on the whole, the preponderance in it of those influences that make for faith. It is his triumph to achieve as much faith as possible in an age of negation . . . Yes! Robert Elsmere was certainly right in ceasing to be a clergyman.

And yes, Pater was certainly right in not becoming one; for we can see that his sermons would have been unorthodox. To-day when high-placed Anglican priests are permitted to profess, if not to *declare,* themselves Unitarians this would not matter. In Pater's time it would. His sensitive mind would again have been troubled. His sentences would have become more and more involved in over-punctuated parentheses. He would once more have "utterly" offended. If he must have a "message" thrust upon him let it be his own. It is perfectly simple. All through his life he insisted on the necessity for self-discipline to keep the mind clear for the appreciation of beauty in art, and he added, later, that "those finer appreciations which poetry cultivates in us the power of making" assist our moral judgments (like Shakespeare's) to be tolerant, pitiful and kind.

"There is an attractiveness in these goddesses of the earth, akin to the influence of cool places, quiet houses, subdued light, tranquillising voices." So wrote Pater at the end of his study of Demeter and Persephone. He has a like "attractiveness." Surely we need not regret in him the lack of convictions that are so apt to turn into cruelties. Hope, as in the famous description of Faith, may be a conviction. Pater was content with Hope. It was his desire (his sister told me) that the words *in te, Domine, speravi* should be written on his grave. A faint hope in a great possibility. He "looked forward now into the vague land and experienced the last curiosity," as he writes of Leonardo. Or, as in the essay on Michelangelo, his Hope, in a haunting phrase was "a breath, a flame in the doorway, a feather in the wind. . . ."

It is just because Walter Pater never "lectures" us that we find it a relief to re-read him, or to read him for the first time, just now. If he cannot bring us dogmas he can give us peace of mind. His is a tranquillising voice.

RICHARD JENNINGS

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* *Walter Pater: Selected Works.* Arranged by Richard Aldington. *Heinemann,* 21s.

CONVERSATION PIECE AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The Memoirs of Cordell Hull. *Hodder & Stoughton.* Two volumes. 50*s.*

The White House Papers of Harry L. Hopkins. By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD. Vol. I. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

The only kinship between Cordell Hull and Harry Hopkins was that both suffered from that peculiarly American form of snobbery, an undue regard for lowly origins. Hull was born in a Tennessee log cabin, and Hopkins was the son of a harness-maker in Sioux City, Iowa. But here the resemblance ends. Cordell Hull was a professional but intensely high-minded politician. Before he was 18 he had become a Democratic County Committee man; at 21, a member of the State Legislature; at 31, a circuit judge; at 35, a Congressman. In Washington he specialised on income tax and tariffs, became an ardent follower of Woodrow Wilson and, in 1921, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. His share in defeating Al Smith in the 1932 Convention assured him a place in Roosevelt's Cabinet. As Secretary of State until the end of 1944, he represented the pre-New Deal section of the Democrats, preaching and practising the simple doctrine that all the ills of the world can be cured by the reduction of tariffs and the abolition of preferences. His *Memoirs* exude the crotchety self-righteousness of a man unaware of his own limitations and resentful that, although he attained high office, history passed him by. He took no part in the New Deal, and, after 1940, effective control of foreign policy passed to the President, who concerted it with his military advisers and with those special agencies which mushroomed in wartime Washington. The State Department became an ivory tower from which Hull would occasionally emerge to do battle against Preferences or General de Gaulle.

The Memoirs of Cordell Hull, therefore, are history seen from an irrelevant angle. In two volumes of portentous dullness, it is the occasional indiscretion which relieves the weary reader. We learn, for instance, that Mr. James Farley was reckoned by Mr. Hull the most statesmanlike of all his Cabinet colleagues; that as late as June, 1940, Mr. Hull believed himself to be Roosevelt's candidate for the November Presidential election; that the Morgenthau Plan, signed and sealed by Roosevelt and Churchill at Quebec, in the absence of both their Foreign Ministers, was made palatable to Britain by the promise of Lend-Lease after the defeat of Germany and during the war against Japan to the tune of 65,000,000,000 dollars. But such nuggets have to be sifted from a mountain of shale and, even when we pick them out, we cannot be sure they are 14-carat truth. I have taken the trouble to compare Mr. Hull's description of the Gaullist seizure of St. Pierre and Miquelon, and of the "third term" issue, with Mr. Sherwood's account in *The White House Papers.* The divergencies are very large, and it is difficult to decide between the two versions, except by an estimate of the authors' veracity. By this standard I prefer Mr. Sherwood. Both men write with violent bias. But Mr. Hull has the *parti pris* of a resentful protagonist, whose memory is inclined to omit unfavourable facts, whereas Mr. Sherwood states all the evidence available to him.

In writing the life of Harry Hopkins, such an assessment presents quite unusual difficulties. He was a man who expressed himself in action and in conversation, but never on paper. He had two flashes of greatness, first as W.P.A. Administrator under the New Deal, and then as "the man who came to dinner" on May 10th, 1940, and kept his bedroom in the White House till Roosevelt's death. It was in this second period that he earned the courtesy title from Churchill of "Lord Root-of-the-Matter." But Hopkins never wrote a memorable line. His peculiar art was to feel himself into Roosevelt's personality and to play a part which was a cross between that of a lawyer's devil and a monarch's courtier.

The White House Papers, which Mr. Sherwood sifted, were apparently—for very few are quoted verbatim—staff studies, *aides-memoire,* conference agenda, notes of transatlantic calls, all the dreary paraphernalia of modern politics. Hopkins' task was to get the Presidential "O.K." scrawled on someone else's document, or, alternatively, to ensure that the President never saw it. It is a pity that the British publishers did not retain the American title, *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* which exactly describes the subject of Mr. Sherwood's book and avoids the quite misleading suggestion that Hopkins was another Colonel House. House was a busy-body who constantly exceeded Wilson's mandate, whereas Hopkins represented Roosevelt with complete and absolute faithfulness to both Churchill and Stalin at critical moments of the war.

Despite its British title, however, *The White House Papers* is a fascinating book, worthy to stand beside Miss Frances Perkins' *The Roosevelt I Knew.* It is not biography in the normal sense, because Hopkins had no life apart from Roosevelt; nor yet history because Mr. Sherwood handles his material like an artist constructing a vast conversation piece rather than as a chronicler of events. What we get is the most brilliant picture yet painted of life in the White House, seen through the eyes of the man who stood closest to Roosevelt during the last five years. Hopkins' early career as a professional worker in New York, as a fanatical New Dealer and, finally, as a Presidential aspirant in 1938, is lightly sketched in. In this period, before disease destroyed his ambitions, he was a man who wanted power more than office, and who was unprincipled while remaining steadfast to his convictions. As Joseph E. Davies said, "he had the purity of St. Francis of Assissi combined with the sharp shrewdness of a racing tout." He was as careless of his own as of the public money—a caricature, in fact, of what its opponents regarded as the most poisonous element in the New Deal. Mr. Sherwood does not seek to conceal those ruthless weaknesses in his character which enabled him to handle the dirtiest jobs for Roosevelt as well as his missions to London and Moscow.

From May 10th, 1940, the conversation piece expands to world dimensions, and Hopkins grows with it. Like many other New Dealers, he had been an isolationist and pacifist. Now his fanaticism was transferred to the defeat of Hitler, and his spendthrift use of public funds from relief to Lend-Lease. As a New Dealer, Hopkins had shown neither hindsight nor foresight: his fanaticism as an advocate of Big Three co-operation was equally reckless.

The President, of course, did not share this fanaticism: he exploited it. Mr. Sherwood's most remarkable success is in portraying the man whose baffling personality took the place of an American policy throughout the war. The American Constitution is designed to prevent any group or Party from achieving power. This means that only a President, who can outwit the Constitution without being faithless to it, can impose a coherent policy on the United States. Lincoln did it: Roosevelt did it, too. But because the President, though chief executive, has no executive organs through which to work and no control of the legislature, his rule must be devious and exerted through men rather than departments. A Roosevelt must have a Hopkins. Churchill provided leadership, but he could rely on an efficient machinery of State. Roosevelt and his personal entourage had both to lead and to govern. Whenever his administrative manipulation or his leadership sagged, the United States drifted helplessly. Mr. Sherwood was himself one of the team of ghost writers who worked on Roosevelt's speeches in the White House, and he was close enough to him to be able to describe both his successes and his failures. He gives a horrifying picture of the scene in the campaign train during the Willkie election, when, to appease the isolationists, Roosevelt wrote into his speech the pledge that American boys would not be sent abroad to foreign wars. Neither then nor during the long summer of 1941, when the Selection Draft was nearly defeated, was Roosevelt ahead of public opinion. Mr. Sherwood makes it clear that he appeased the isolationists, and that without Pearl Harbour he would never have pulled America into the war, despite the pleading of Harry Hopkins. In this first volume indeed we see Roosevelt not as a great leader but chiefly as a tired but resourceful politician—a depressing picture but beautifully done.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A HAMMER FOR WITCHES

Malleus Maleficarum. Translated and with an introduction by the REV. MONTAGUE SUMMERS. *Pushkin Press.* 15*s.*

The Gestapo lasted twelve years. The Cheka, the Ogpu and O.V.R.R.A. have conducted the internal affairs of the Russian State rather longer. The committee investigating anti-American activities is a recent growth. Those unduly depressed by the age they live in might do worse than meditate upon the persecution of old women waged with almost equal enthusiasm by Catholic and Protestant theologians for more than two centuries. By those who observed the contrast between Dominican and Jesuit behaviour during the Spanish war of 1936, it will be noted with confusion that the great witch-hunt was started by the Order of Preachers and arrested (in the person of men like Frederick of Spee) by the Society of Jesus. Pious Englishmen may recall with pleasure that their forefathers did not burn but only hanged witches, a display of clemency in which the Scots did not share, though a Scottish king, our James I, introduced both sense and goodwill into his treatment of the subject, upon which he was a leading authority in his day.

What we are asked to believe is that a Dianic, Mithraic, or merely diabolic cult, organised internationally, but without a literature, became a serious rival to Christianity late in the fifteenth century and subsequently took two hundred and fifty years to stamp out. We are asked to believe this not only by the Rev. Montague Summers but by scholars like Margaret Murray, who is the Jessie L. Weston in this field, and even the sympathetic Michelet. Yet the case is far less good than that for, say, the submergence of Atlantis at the date given by Plato. All our evidence comes from the handbooks of the inquisitors. They certainly were organised, and my own reading of the literature they produced is that, whatever fragments of pre-Christian religious belief and magic may have lain about here and there in country districts, they, the inquisitors, created the witch cult by hysterical incubation, teaching the people what to say and do by insisting that they already said and did it.

Malleus Maleficarum is the great root text. There appears to have been no English translation before the present one, first issued in a fine edition twenty years ago and here reproduced by what I take to be a process of photographic reduction. From it stem all the later classics, and as late as 1608 the Italian *Compendium* of Guazzo consists in the main of case-histories copied out of Kramer and Sprenger. It is a good thing that such a work should be made generally available. It would be a good thing to have Remy, Bodin, Del Rio, Boguet, De Lancre and Wier in similar form. It might be advisable, however, to entrust the editorship to less feverish hands than those of the Rev. Montague Summers, who somehow contrived to make everything he touched smell not so much of brimstone as of rubber.

It was Innocent VIII, who, by the bull *Summis Desiderantes* of 1484, briefed the Dominican Fathers Kramer and Sprenger for the work whose literary memorial appeared three or four years later. They operated largely in the Rhineland and more especially in Alsace. In the superstitious mood induced by reading these theological and legalistic ravings, we might be excused for discovering significance in the fact that it was from this very centre and through the agency of another Kramer, who began his career with a small experimental gas-chamber at Struthof in the Vosges, that methods of ideological extermination spread across Germany during the recent war. Once an accusation had been made, there was no hope for the accused. What thumbscrew, rack and fire, needles under the toenails, enforced lack of sleep, a stomach distended with water, and any other tortures for which there were local facilities, failed to elicit was proof of that malevolent taciturnity or inability to speak with which the devil especially afflicts his bondsmen. The good fathers themselves claimed many victims. There followed holocausts of men, women and children from the toe of Italy to the armpit of Sweden. In Lorraine, Nicolas Remy alone was responsible for eight hundred fires. He claims with satisfaction that suspects commonly committed suicide as soon as they were arrested. In England, the discovery of witches by pricking became a regular means of livelihood, its most conspicuous lay practitioner being Matthew Hopkins, of Manningtree in Essex. It was not until 1735 that the Witchcraft Act still in force prosecuted not witchcraft but the laying claim to its powers. Every now and then, French newspapers are still enlivened by accounts of panic in the countryside, and it cannot be more than two years since, according to one amateur theory of a series of problematic suicides, a number of young women in London anointed themselves with ointments containing aconite and took off from top-floor windows.

Of the two gentlemen who were more than any other responsible for this long and nauseous history, we shall think as charitably as we may. While only too gladly admitting the interest of their work, we shall have difficulty in regarding it as an "inexhaustible well of wisdom," or in agreeing that:

> what is most surprising is the modernity of the book . . . It is a work which must irresistibly capture the attention of all men who . . . are endeavouring to see the ultimate reality beyond the accidents of matter, time and space . . . .

It is interesting to learn that Father James Sprenger was later instrumental in popularising the rosary, but when the old sadist is further described as "a mystic of the highest order," we can only continue to wonder about the Rev. Montague Summers and to think beyond him to other less crude diabolists in whom the tradition of Eliphas Lévi and Huysmans seems to drag on just a bit too long.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

TALLEYRAND

Talleyrand. By LOUIS MADELIN. Translated by ROSALIE FELTENSTEIN. *J. Rolls.* 18*s*.

"He cannot be called one of the greatest, and I shall tell why," says M. Louis Madelin (or rather his American translator) in the preface to his new life of Talleyrand. This challenging assertion makes it plain that what follows is to be another contribution to the endless controversy about the character of that remarkable man. For Talleyrand's impassive face remains as inscrutable to posterity as it was to his contemporaries. Anyone is entitled to guess, but nobody knows, what went on behind the mask. Even the one man in a position to know managed eventually to forget. In old age he suffered from sleeplessness; and he told Madame de Dino, with whom he had lived for twenty years, that he spent the long nights in going over the events of his past life. "Some of them I can explain," he said, "but there are some things I did *que je ne comprends pas du tout.*"

M. Madelin, however, sets out to understand everything. Talleyrand may have had a convenient memory; but there is no reason for a biographer with strong political views and high moral standards to accept his disclaimer. Why did he marry Madame Grand? Why did he provoke Napoleon to execute the Duc d'Enghien? How could he justify his treachery to the Emperor? And, worst offence of all, how dared he sacrifice France for the sake of his ambition?

Before scrutinising this indictment more closely, it might be as well to consider whether high moral standards and strong political views provide the proper apparatus for appreciating the character of a man who had neither. In politics Talleyrand was an incorrigible opportunist; as for morals, he considered them a tiresome by-product of emotions from which, he was glad to say, he was singularly free. He possessed, however, to a supreme degree that hard logical faculty of which Frenchmen have always been so proud: and he ventured to apply it to the problems of existence, when Europe was in flux and the accepted code of human behaviour was in abeyance. It was this power to anticipate *le lendemain des évènements,* at a time when events themselves were so unpredictable, that made him indispensable to six successive rulers of France—whatever the form of Government. Mob rule and absolute monarchy both found him a place. Have any of Talleyrand's posthumous critics troubled to consider how Talleyrand, for all his intelligence, would have fared in those quicksands had he been a model of Christian virtue? He would have lasted exactly one *régime*—if that. To submit this imperturbable disciple of Machiavelli to the appraisal of an orthodox moralist such as M. Madelin is like entering a cat for a dog-show.

Despite its air of prejudice, the book cannot be dismissed as negligible. The author is an Academician, a learned historian, who has made a lifelong study of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods, and he has managed to find much unpublished material about Talleyrand. Unfortunately, he fails to specify what use he is making of any new information: at any rate, he produces no startling revelations. Talleyrand stands very much as he did before—for better or worse. Still, to compress the complicated transactions of 86 years into 300 lucid pages, without gross distortion or significant omission, is a creditable feat in itself. (The adjective "lucid" may strike the reader of this translation as a wild misnomer: but it is possible to discern through the slipshod amalgam of schoolboy illiteracy and American vernacular that the original author has expressed himself with perfect clarity in his native language.)

We must now investigate some of the reasons why Talleyrand "cannot be called one of the greatest." The first objection M. Madelin makes is his attitude to money: it must be sustained. Talleyrand was mercenary and venal; he always admitted it. He aimed at power; and was convinced that power was not to be had without money. The next objection is his attitude to women; not so much his flagrant sexual immorality, as his disgraceful marriage with Catherine Grand. There should have been three impediments to marrying Madame Grand: that Talleyrand was a consecrated bishop, vowed to celibacy; that the lady had been his mistress for six years, and before that an international courtesan; that she was unbelievably stupid and likely to grow fat. In her favour was Napoleon's brusque fiat that she must either be married or be relegated from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. M. Madelin cannot forgive Talleyrand for making an honest woman of her.

In the sphere of politics M. Madelin is hampered by his belief that Napoleon could do no wrong. Napoleon apparently ordered the execution of the Duc d'Enghien; that was the act of an assassin; therefore someone else must be held responsible. Why not Talleyrand, who is reputed to have sent a letter to Napoleon, urging him to

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HEINEMANN

make a savage example in order to satisfy the public that he had no intention of restoring the Bourbons? Although the letter cannot be produced in evidence, the advice is not unlikely. But M. Madelin chooses to forget that Napoleon always prided himself on knowing what to do, and only valued advice on how to do it. At any rate, the Emperor was less squeamish than the historian; for at St. Helena his final word on the Duc's execution was: *si c'était à refaire, je le ferais encore.*

Naturally M. Madelin has much to criticise in the long years of treachery to Napoleon, culminating in the surrender of Paris to the Allies in 1814. But Talleyrand never allowed sentiment to interfere with his logical deductions. Napoleon was a firm believer in his destiny—and so was Talleyrand: only Talleyrand correctly anticipated what it would be. While the Emperor was producing *les évènements,* his Grand Chamberlain was shaping *le lendemain.* Besides, is it obligatory to swear eternal fidelity to a man who calls you "*de la merde dans un bas de soie*" to your face? As for the Congress of Vienna, most Frenchmen would be satisfied that France was allowed to keep her territory of 1792. But M. Madelin hankers after "natural frontiers," and blames Talleyrand that Belgium is no longer a department of France.

In the presence of death our author becomes more charitable. After a moving description of the famous death-bed reconciliation of Talleyrand with the Catholic Church, his only comment is: "One can die more simply." Yet, for any reader who has followed Talleyrand through life, that last scene demands an explanation. Was it make-believe, to please Madame de Dino? Or a genuine religious conversion? When the old whist-player sat down to his last *parti carré* with the Abbé Dupanloup, Madame de Dino and God, he must have wondered what would be the *lendemain* of that *évènement.* I like to think that after weighing up the chances, he decided to give God the benefit of the doubt: and trusted that God would follow suit. RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE NATIONALIST THEORY OF DRESS

The Art of English Costume. By DR. WILLETT CUNNINGTON. *Collins.* 16*s.*

Dr. Willett Cunnington is our most learned philosopher of clothes. In this, which is certainly one of his best works, he has gone beyond the usual field of his erudition (the 19th century) to examine our costume from the 14th century to the present day. The subject is treated with characteristic thoroughness; every part and every aspect of dress is examined and discussed with lucidity, scholarship and humour. The pictorial and textual illustrations are instructive, pertinent, and sometimes exceedingly comic.

As the title of his book suggests, Dr. Cunnington is a "nationalist" in his theory of dress, that is to say that he insists, as in former works, on the autochthonous character of our clothes. In the following passage he is discussing the use of historical symbols.

> We have at times worn actual garments of foreign extraction . . . but though it is customary to attribute so many of our fashions, especially women's, to "foreign influence" which we have meekly accepted as such, it would be more correct to say that many have been, in a sense, trophies, representing not gifts but loot; so that they signify not seldom triumphs rather than tributes. We have worn mementoes from head to foot of victories from Crécy to Waterloo, but none recalling defeats.
>
> *We may say, in fact, that while we have often and willingly learnt new technical methods in this art from foreign sources, the ideas expressed in English Costume have been essentially native and our own.*

The passage is unusual in that it contains an inaccuracy (Steenkirk was not an English victory). But, much more important than this trifling oversight, is the assertion here italicised.

No doubt the fashions of Paris and of Savile Row are modified by foreign imitators; whatever ideas they may be thought to express are, to some extent, changed by the nations that receive them. The same kind of change occurs when fashions travel from a capital to the provinces. But the superior stylishness of the metropolis is usually recognised. It is unusual for a lady in London or Chicago to feel "out of fashion" because her clothes come from Paris. Moreover, it is only under the lens of erudition that the dissimilarity appears more significant than the resemblance. To tell the nationality of the delegates at an international conference by the cut of their dress is often hard; nothing, indeed, is more striking than the increasing unity of dress when compared with the growing disunity of nations. Dr. Cunnington himself indicates the practical limitations of his theory when he uses not only native, but French fashion plates to illustrate his magnificent work, *English Women's Clothing in the 19th Century,* or when, as in the present volume, he relies on a portrait by Mignard.

The implications of this "nationalist" theory are important. Dr. Cunnington believes that costume expresses the mental attitudes of a nation; he thus finds himself in company with those who have made frantic efforts to relate the shape of clothes to wars and other political happenings. Even if we accept the "nationalist" theory it is impossible to show a complete correspondence between styles and political events. But if we admit the very obvious fact that the mode is followed wherever European fashions reign, the inadequacy of these suppositions becomes apparent.

The introduction of an insufficient theory which leads to certain untenable generalisations does not rob this book of its value; it only means that the author has covered a rather wider field than he himself might be prepared to admit, and that the reader should treat some of his observations with caution. Two further criticisms can be made. One would like to know much more about the dress of puritans, it is surprising that this chapter in the history of our costume, where the "nationalist" theory really has some validity, should have received so little attention. It is also to be regretted that the dress of the instruments of vicarious consumption (children, soldiers, priests, lackeys, etc.) has received so little attention; it offers a splendid field for study. Dr. Cunnington can reply effectively and agreeably by giving us another volume. QUENTIN BELL

HITLER AT SEA

Hitler and his Admirals. By ANTHONY MARTIENSSEN. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

After the first German War, each Great Power organised large-scale accounts of its own conduct of the war. After the second, as a reward of victory, we have started by writing the history of the war from the enemy's side. Even Mr. Churchill's work is better documented on German policy than on the policy of the allies, or even of this country. The present volume isolates a single manageable topic, Germany's war at sea, and exploits fully the German sources, so that it is likely to stand the test of time. Most of the material has been digested into narrative; every now and then, however, the author finds his material too fascinating and leaves it raw. It is always a temptation for the historian to get out of the way and let the story do his work for him; he is then praised for his scholarly restraint. The highest history combines scholarship and art; so far, only one work on Nazi

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ermany has achieved this, and it would be too acting to complain that Mr. Martienssen has ot repeated Mr. Trevor-Roper's feat.

Unless Germany won the war at sea, she could ot win it at all; and if she won the war at sea, is victory would be decisive. These facts were ever clearly seen by the German leaders, not en by Hitler, even though he carried the erman gift of "combination" (like so many ther German qualities) to its highest point. The erman navy came off second-best even in the arly days of rearmament; and during the war it as always treated as an auxiliary weapon—its ob was to clear the way for the army, as in the nvasion of England or the campaign in North frica. Even if Raeder had had his way and the avy had been larger, it would still have remained n auxiliary weapon, though a more effective ne; for Raeder's ambition was always a balanced fleet." Mr. Martienssen approves of is ambition and criticises Doenitz for abandoning it; this judgment was to be expected from ne who has served in the British Admiralty. To e uninstructed outsider, the German attempt reproduce the British navy on a smaller scale eems a gigantic blunder; and the decisive function of the British navy in both wars (though specially the first) was to act as a red-herring, hich distracted the Germans from the true use f their resources. Germany lost both German ars by failing to devote everything to U-boat onstruction. Hitler, being a strategist of genius, rrived at this conclusion early in 1943; by then t was too late. The German Admirals continued o believe in the big ship even after the loss of he *Bismarck*, as the British Admiralty continued o believe in the big ship even after the loss of he *Prince of Wales*. Yet they would not risk heir ships in action, and had to demand ever-increasing air-protection for them, even when hey were in harbour. Here they had a function, hough not an intended one: as targets, they iverted allied bombers from other and more ssential aims.

German naval strategy had its great success n the conquest of Norway; this was a victory of esolution and foresight over muddle and divided ounsels—when every excuse has been made, a iscreditable episode in British history. The erman navy cannot be blamed for the failure o invade England; in fact, in the scurry of improvisation, the navy came out of it better than ither the army or the air force. The real field f naval strategy was in the Mediterranean; and he discussions of this give the book its greatest political interest. The German Admiralty had to contend both with the shortcomings of the Italians and with Hitler's lack of steady purpose. Hitler seems always to have been frightened of any serious Mediterranean venture; as he said to Raedar: "On land I am a hero; at sea I am a coward." Thus the project for an attack on Gibraltar in the autumn of 1940 was, in Hitler's mind, only a feint to divert attention from his preparations for war with Russia; hence the preservation of the French fleet or the German failure to advance through Spain cannot be counted for virtue by Pétain or Franco. Or if there was a virtue, it was that of the Spanish people, of whom Hitler rightly remarked: "They are the only tough Latin people and would carry on guerilla warfare in our rear." The "Great Plan" of 1942, which centred on the capture of Malta, was more serious. Here again Hitler got out of it as soon as possible: when Rommel broke into Egypt, he decided that Egypt could be conquered without a direct assault on Malta. This decision lost the Germans North Africa and half of Italy within a year. From that moment naval strategy, like all other, ceased to exist; and the Germans were engaged merely in running from one hole to another trying to stop it up.

The last topic of interest is the revolt of July 20, seen from the navy's side. No naval officers were involved in the conspiracy; and in Paris, for instance, the Admiral in command of Group West acted with the S.S. against the army leaders. No wonder that Hitler nominated Doenitz as his successor. Yet it was a strange and fantastic conclusion that the last ruler of the German Reich, with its unrivalled military tradition, should be an Admiral, a final confession of the world of unreality in which the German Admiralty had lived.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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Week-end Competitions

No. 978

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for a letter by Lord Chesterfield to a young descendant living to-day, advising him on the methods and prospects of one of the following: entering the Church, or the police force or the B.B.C.; or of becoming a literary or a dramatic critic. Limit 150 words. Entries by Nov. 23.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 975

Set by Richard Lister

Some months ago (March 27th) in a Books in General, Mr. Raymond Mortimer reminded us how William Barnes tried to reform the English language by admitting only words of Saxon-English origin. Where there was no "Teutonic" word to express his meaning he invented; some examples of his invention were sky-sill for horizon, glee-craft for music, wort-lore for botany, hearsomeness for obedience, somely for plural, folkwain for omnibus. Competitors are invited to write the opening paragraphs of a novel set in present-day London in reformed English of this kind. A glossary of invented Teutonic words should be included. Limit 150 words.

Report by Richard Lister

So much ingenuity and wit were displayed by competitors that they left the setter befuddled. Twenty entries at least deserved printing and a full glossary of the suggested words would, I feel sure, have delighted William Barnes. Among the more pleasing I picked out the following: *Eyebiting, takesome:* attractive. *Doom-clash, doom-forking:* crisis. *Lip-hair:* moustache. *Togethersight:* interview. *Beatstagger:* syncopation. *Slidehorn:* trombone. *Selfly:* private. *Folkward:* policeman. *Wordhoard:* glossary. *Eyeblink:* instant. *Smokeweed:* cigarette. *Folk-bide:* queue. The best results, however, came from those who avoided overloading their pieces with too recondite inventions; as usual, in fact, the simpler the better.

Among the runners-up were Mervyn Jones, L. E. Honour, John R. Hill, A. W., H. A. C. Evans, M. Dunlop and R. Hamment. I recommend a prize of two guineas each to Francis Drake and E. M. and fourteen shillings each to D. M. Low, Joyce Taylor and E. H. P.

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HEINEMANN

Just outside Camden Town Stead, the steelworm came to a halt. Cuthbert Wolf looked unbrookly at his watch. It was almost eleven, the hour when he should be at the Thaneric of Wergild to meet the Thane himself. He tried to beguile the time, as a loreseeker of moodcunning, looking at the soulwindows of the other wayfarers, throughpeering their heartfastness to the unbrook within. Now the steelworm stirred, wended into the stead, and a dragwight called " All wayfarers outstep."

There had been a weirdsome hap; a man had fallen on the ironway and had been mainstricken. Cuthbert was alarmed; this morning's twainmoot was lifesome. Again the blind fiendship of roundthrongings threatened to crush him. Without an eyeflicker of twaindoom he strode to the upgangflow, stepped into a farspeaker booth, and uplifted the hearkener.

Glossary

Twainmoot : interview.
stead : station.
unbrook : impatience, discontent.
Thane : Minister.
mainstricken : electrocuted.
loreseeker : student.
heartfastness : reserve.
weirdsome : fatal.
lifesome : vital.
roundthrongings : circumstances.
twaindoom : hesitation, doubt.
farspeaker : telephone.
steelworm (O.E. wyrm-snake or dragon) : tube-train.
Thaneric of Wergild : Ministry of Pensions.
moodcunning : Psychology.
dragwight : porter.
hap : accident.
fiendship : hostility.
eyeflicker : moment.
upgangflow : escalator.
hearkener : receiver.

FRANCIS DRAKE

Ethel turned off the Hitherwitchery Thing with a bodyshow of unliking. The set was a trothing from Alfred—one more mark of his giftkindly soultrend, but she did not truly like " glee-craft," and just now, could not feel samely to the happy swaysteppers she heard swinging to the thrawy yerk of the gainstbeat band.

The clock above the hearthrim struck seven. Going to the window, Ethel drew the smotherstuff so that she looked down on the thrumscuddery of London's wheelthrong. She saw Alfred's worldskimmer shoot up and stop at the folkgang edge. He had come to tell her about the mindblend at Westminster over the Folksharesucken of the Steel & Iron Scraffle. Ethel found it all most sighsome, and wished Alfred would think instead about the luckfall of a putogether house and the togathering of homeownings for their new life ahead. She inwitted a betwixing in their outlook.

Glossary

Hitherwitchery Thing : Television & Radio Set.
bodyshow : gesture.
trothing : engagement present.
giftkindly : generous.
soultrend : character.
samely : sympathetic.
swaysteppers : dancers.
thrawy : enticing.
gainstbeat : syncopated.
yerk : rhythm.
hearthrim : chimney-piece.
smotherstuff : curtain.
thrumscuddery : confusion.
wheelthrong : traffic.
worldskimmer : touring car.
mindblend : agreement.
Folksharesucken : Nationalisation.
Steel Scraffle : Steel Industry.
sighsome : exasperating
luckfall : chance.
a putogether house : a prefab.
togathering : collecting.
homeownings : possessions.
inwitted : guessed at.
a betwixing : incompatibility.
betweenings : communings.

E. M.

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10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

As Ernest was wafted up on the dredger from the thorough-hole at Kingsway he was inwardly upborne to see Pearl again; but, alas, evenly castdown for the blue-eyed bebrilled booklearner was floating downwards on the other ladderway. It was now or never. Ernest fought back against the rising stairs and the gainbuildfulness of hirelings bound for work. Pushing aside fingerwriters, shophelpers and even deeded reckoning-keepers, by an overmanly try he reached the bottom eventimeously with Pearl.

" What luck! Can you eat with me tonight? I know a fair little upstaker near here."

" Oh! I can't. My Between-go is in Fogmonth, and I must get through and. . . ."

The rumble of an ambercrafty wagonsnake drowned her words.

" Hark! There's the tug. I must fly."

It was hard to be wisdomlustful. Forlorn in his trystlessness Ernest sought Kingsway again and dodging hire-shiners and other self-shifters recklessly headed towards the worldheadtownly manystreakiness of the Strand.

Glossary

dredger : escalator.
ladderway : escalator.
upborne : elated.
evenly : equally.
bebrilled : bespectacled, (German Brille).
booklearner : student.
gainbuildfulness : obstructiveness.
fingerwriters : typists, cf. dattilografa.
deeded reckoning keepers : chartered accountants.
overmanly : superhuman.
eventimeously : simultaneously.
upstaker (less correctly upstoker) : restaurant.
Between go : student slang for Between while try out, i.e., Intermediate Examination.
Fogmonth : November.
ambercrafty : electric, lit. electric powered.
wagonsnake : train (archaic and poet.).
tug : train cf. German Zug.
wisdomlustful : philosophical.
trystlessness : disappointment.
hire-Shiners : Taxis.
self-shifters : automobiles.
manystreakiness : variety.
worldheadtownly : cosmopolitan.

D. M. LOW

The end of the greatshop's day had come; writmen and selling maids were burdenfree. Elfrida was weary; but she must add herself to the longcrowd awaiting the folkwain. The stoneway was dark and wet, and she yearned to be in her room at Notting Hill. But many folkwains went by before she could ride. These nights, when the emptied greatshops loomed like high black cliffs, and the Folklea trees were stripped by the fall-winds, saddened Elfrida's soul. Long it seemed since she had forsaken her father's Wessex steading for a King's Flying Fyrdman. Dreamreft, she had seen London's stoneways ungilded, and her fyrdman fickle; but the Mootheld Ironroad's fare to Wessex was beyond her.

Still, she was soothly merryhearted, and made what shift she could with filmhouse and hophall, and the short-lived love of carls.

Glossary

Carl : Ordinary "little man."
Dreamreft : Disillusioned.
Filmhouse : Cinema.
Folkwain : Omnibus.
Folklea : Park.
Fall-wind : Autumn wind.
Greatshop : Emporium.
Hophall : Palais-de-danse.
King's Flying Fyrd : Royal Air Force.
Longcrowd : Queue.
Mootheld Ironroad : Nationalised railway.
Selling maid : Shop assistant.
Stoneway : Street.
Soothly : Really.
Writman : Clerk.

JOYCE TAYLOR

Ecgbert picked up the farspeaker eagerly. " Frideswide darling! I have been waiting to hear from you all the morning. Have you got your outlandswrit?"—" Good! I'll get the farebits forthwith. I've just got time to go to the Manicrafts if I hurry." So saying Ecgbert put the mouthpiece down and went out into Steadruler's Way. His eye fell on a tidings-seller who was calling out, " Landsway ban on outland faring." Ecgbert's face fell and he thought what a keen hopeloss it would be to Frideswide. Now they would have to go for their freetimes in the home-land and he had no earthgas for his playwain. " Curse this landsway!" he said bitterly. " Have Folksmoot nothing better to do than to mar our happiness? At the next hustings I shall poll for the Keepingones." It was no use now going to the Manicrafts and so he dropped into an ale-house to drown his sorrows and have a smearbread meal.

Glossary

farspeaker : telephone.
outlandswrit : passport.
farebits : tickets.
Manicrafts : Polytechnic.
Steadruler's Way : Regent Street.
Tidings : newspaper.
Landsway : Government.
outland faring : foreign travel.
hopeloss : disappointment.
freetimes : holiday.
earthgas : petrol.
playwain : sports car
Folksmoot : Parliament.
hustings : election.
Keepingones : Conservatives.
smearbread : sandwich.

E. H. P.

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HARRAP

Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns re- s to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or oman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless or she is excepted from the provision of the ntrol of Engagement Order, 1947, or the ancy is for employment excepted from the vision of that Order.

DMINISTRATIVE County of London. L.C.C. invites applics. from suitably quali- d persons for appointment, on a permanent is, to position of Children's Officer, at a sal. £2,000 p.a. The Children's Officer will have duty of advising on all questions concern- exercise of the Council's functions under Children Act, 1948, and will be adminis- ively responsible for the child care services vided by Council thereunder. Person ap- nted will be subject to Council's superann. l Provident Fund scheme. Forms of applic. . foolscap env. necessary) from Clerk of uncil (G), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, E.1. Applics. to be returned so as to be re- ved by Nov. 27. Canvassing disqualifies.

B.C. invites applics. for follg. posts in Central Establishment Office, Staff Adminis- ion, which is responsible for post grading staffing problems throughout the Corpora- . (A) Assistant, Organisation and Methods it: duties consist of assessment and com- ative review of posts in a wide range of pro- ions and advising Departmental Heads on anising and staffing. (B) Assistant, General: n duty is to assist in the planning and re- ch work connected with general Establish- nt problems and especially those associated h B.B.C.'s Overseas offices. Desirable quali- . for both posts include critical and analytical ulties, and exp. in establishment, job evaluation or Organisation & Methods work. Wide eral interests are essential and a Univ. de- e and/or legal training would be an adv. addition a general engineering training (or iv.) and/or exp. is essential for (A) above. rting salary £750 (may be higher if quali- . and exp. are exceptional), rising by £50 to 100 max. Detailed applics. to Appointments icer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, rked "Establishment N. Stn.," (A) or (B) ordingly within 7 days. For ackndgmnt. en- e stamped addressed envelope.

B.C. invites applics. for post of Programme Assistant in Italian Section of the Overseas vices. Successful candidate will be reqd. to nslate scripts on a variety of subjects from glish into faultless Italian and to read news letins and talks in Italian at the microphone. very good understanding of English and a nprehensive kndge. of Italian, together with lity to speak it without trace of a foreign ent are, therefore, essential qualifics. In ition a wide general kndge. and ability to te scripts and contribute to the output is irable. Normal starting sal. £470, rising by to £680 max. Should a candidate with ex- tional qualifics. and exp. be chosen the pointment may be made on a grade with a her starting salary and eventual max. De- ed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broad- ting House, London, W.1, marked "Italian ., N. Stn.," within 7 days. For ackndgmnt. lose stamped addressed envelope.

ARLOW Development Corpn. Appointment of Research Assistant. Applics. invited for t of Research Assistant to work under the ection of Social Development Officer in in- tigation of social and demographic problems nected with planning of a New Town. Can- ates should have an Hons. degree in Eco- nics with specialisation or subsequent trng. tatistics, and have had exp. of social survey k or as a member of a Planning Team. In- sive sal. attaching to the appointment will within the scales of £450 p.a., rising by an- l increments of £25 to £550 p.a., or £550 ., rising by £25 to £650 p.a. according to lifics. and exp. Appointment will be sub- t to the Corporation's Staff Rules and Con- ons of Service and will, in partic., involve ontribution to a superannuation fund either accordance with Local Government Super- uation Act, 1937, or an Assurance Scheme. plics. in writing, stating age, present posi- n and sal., qualifics. and exp., together with more than three recent testimonials and nes of two referees, should be addressed to Eric Adams, General Manager, Terlings, ston, Harlow, Essex, to reach him not later n Nov. 20, 1948. Canvassing either directly indirectly will disqualify.

VERSEAS Food Corporation. East African Groundnut Project. Applics. invited for pital Caterers with a knowledge of dietetics. East African Groundnut Scheme. Persons ointed will be reqd. to supervise catering cooking arrangements for both European African patients and staffs will be reqd. ake up appointments in E. Africa during t 6 months, but it may not be possible for r families to join them for about 18 months r. Conditions of service provide free pass- to and from E. Africa on first appointment on leave; home leave at rate of 6 months y 33-39 months, with local leave in addi- ; provision of housing, and basic furniture oon as it is available; and membership of a ributory provident fund. Sal. in accdnce. h age, qualifics. and exp. No special form of lic. is reqd., and letters of applic. should refore include full details of age, exp. and lifics., and should be supported by three essional refs./testimonials. These should ddressed to Chief Health Officer, Overseas d Corpn., 31 Hill St. London, W.1.

NIV. of London Inst. of Education. Applics. invited for post of Research Assistant Education related to Colonial and Tropical s. Exp. in these areas desirable but not ntial. Sal. £400-£500 accdg. to exp. and lifics. Applications, stating qualifics., should ent immediately to Colonial Dept., Inst. Education, Malet St. W.C.1. marked "Re- ch Assistant."

Appointments Vacant—continued

LECTURESHIP in Politics and Economics. —Wadham College propose to appoint a Lecturer, who will be reqd. to give tuition in Politics and Economics. Appointment will be as from Jan. 1, 1949, and will be for five terms in first instance. Stipend will be not less than £500 p.a. Applicants should send their names, and names of three persons to whom ref. may be made, to Sub-Warden, Wadham College, by Nov. 30, 1948. Applics. from candidates who take their Final Exams. in Michaelmas Term, 1948, will be considered by the College.

L.C.C. Furzedown Training College, Welham Rd. S.W.16. Applics. invited for post of Lecturer in Biology at this college. Good degree and teaching exp. essential. Duties to commence Jan., 1949. Training College (London) scale salary. Applic. forms (s.a. foolscap env. necessary), from Principal, to whom they should be returned immediately. (2073.)

UNIVERSITY College, Southampton. Applics. invited for post of Research Assistant in the Department of Economics. The appointment will be temporary for one or two years, salary £300-£450 p.a. according to qualifics. Further partics. may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent not later than Nov. 27, 1948.

BERKSHIRE Educ. Cttee. Windsor-Clewer and Dedworth Community Association. Appointment of Warden. Applics. invited for post of Warden of Clewer and Dedworth Community Association. Sal. scale (man) £300 × £15—£555 p.a.; (woman), £270 × £12—£444 p.a. Initial sal. being fixed according to qualifics. and exp. Under certain circumstances the post will be superannuable. Forms of application will not be issued but applicants should send full partics. of their age, training, qualifics. and exp., together with a covering letter to Director of Educ., Shire Hall, Reading, Berks. Premises will be available in next few mths. Work involved presents great opportunity for development in a new & growing suburb. Applics. shd. be submitted by Nov. 27.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Milton House Remand Home for Girls (17 Beds). Applics. invited for post of Deputy Superintendent (resident) from qualified teachers and persons expd. in Remand Home work or with juvenile delinquents. Sal. £270 p.a., rising by annual increments of £12 to £420 p.a. or (if a teacher) Burnham Scale plus London allowance. A deduction of £78 p.a. will be made from either scale for full residential emoluments. Appointment is superannuable, subject to medical exam. For applic. form, terms and conditions of appointment, send a s.a. foolscap env. to Children's Officer, 11 Katharine St. Croydon, to whom completed applics. must be returned. Canvassing will disqualify.

HAMPSHIRE C.C. invite applics. for the undermentioned appointments: Travelling Relief Foster Mother, £246 7*s.* 6*d.* p.a.; Foster Mothers for Infants' Homes and Mixed Homes, £246 7*s.* 6*d.* p.a. Board, lodging, overalls and laundry will be provided in respect of which there will be a deduction in the salary mentioned at the rate of £59 19*s.* p.a. Applics., from persons not under age of 18, must be made upon forms obtainable from me on receipt of a s.a.e. and should reach me as soon as possible. Amicia Carroll, County Children's Officer, 2 Clifton Terrace, Winchester. By permission of Min. of Labour & Natl. Service under Control of Engagement Order.

ISLES of Scilly Educ. Committee. Applics. are invited for a single Certificated Mistress (Upper Infants and Juniors; knowledge Music and P.T. essential), commencing Jan. 1, 1949. Applic. forms can be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a s.a. foolscap env. to be retd. by Nov. 20. R. M. Stephenson, Sec. for Educ., Town Hall, St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly.

HERTFORDSHIRE C.C. Applics. invited for two posts of Assistant Mistress at Broxbournebury E.S.N. school, one to teach Infants and Juniors, the other Senior Girls; one post res. Sal., Burnham Scale for Special Schools. Applic. forms from County Educ. Officer, County Hall, Hertford, should be returned by Nov. 27.

L.C.C. Applics. invited from qualified nursery school teachers for appointment as Superintendent-teacher of Oak Hall Residential Nursery School, Broadoak, near Heathfield, Sussex. School accommodates 57 children. Burnham salary with head teacher's allowance (Group I) plus resid. emoluments. Forms T.S.10 (s.a. foolscap env.) from Educ. Officer, County Hall, S.E.1, must be returned by Nov. 27. (2072.)

COMMUNITY Centre, E. London, reqs. Boys' Club Leader, who also is interested in country life. Opportunity will arise subsequently become Warden of Centre and take part in intg. development work. Write fully Guy Clutton-Brock, Kingsley Hall, Bow, E.3.

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JUNIOR Shorthand-Typist wanted for Advertisement Department of this Journal. Apply to Miss Hammond.

Appointments Vacant—continued

VACANCIES occur for men to train as Secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association. Applicants should be 21-30; convinced Christians; possess admin. ability, good educ., capacity for leadership, and sense of Christian vocation. Exp. in work with youth an advantage. Applics. in writing to: S/10, Personnel Secretary, Y.M.C.A., 112 Gt. Russell St. London, W.C.1.

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Appointments Wanted

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